CHINA monthly REVIEW

密勒氏
評論報

FAREWELL ISSUE

Nanking Union Theological Seminary
. . . K. H. Ting

My Visit to Free Viet-Nam — *Joseph Starobin*

July 1953 ¥ 6,000

BOUND VOLUMES

China Monthly Review

valuable reference material on New China.

January-December 1952 indexed
Price ¥80,000 US$3.50

January-July 1953 indexed
Price ¥60,000 US$2.50

Send orders to

Guozi Shudian, Peking

Collet's Subscription Dept.
45 Museum Street
London, W.C.1

China Monthly Review, 160 Yenan Road
Shanghai 0, China

China Monthly Review

(J. B. Powell, Editor & Publisher 1918-1947)

Editor:
JOHN W. POWELL
Associate Editors:
JULIAN SCHUMAN
SYLVIA CAMPBELL
Business Manager:
CHEN PANG-CHENG
Contributing Editors:
SHIRLEY BARTON
WILLIAM BERGES
BETTY C. CHANG
CHANG SHU-CHI
SOPHIA CHANG
CHEN FU-SHENG
HUGH DEANE
ALUN FALCONER
DOROTHY FISCHER
HO TUN-SUN
HSU CHIEN
H. C. HUANG
KAO FAN
T. P. KING
DUNCAN C. LEE
MARK M. LU
C. Y. W. MENG
MARGARET TURNER
P. Y. WANG
WANG TSUNG-YEN
YANG LI-HSIN
ROSE YARDUMIAN

密勒氏
評論報

July 1953

The Month in Review
End of the Crisis Years 5
Nanking Union Theological Seminary . . .
K. H. Ting 11
Workers Become Engineers . . . Grace Liu . 15
Visit to Free Viet-Nam . . . Joseph Starobin 20
Puppet Drama in Fukien . . . H. C. Huang . . . 31
The Poets of T'ang . . . Rewi Alley 34
Victory over Famine . . . Shirley Ray Wood 41
Tung Chuan Mines . . . Yu Shiang-shen 46
Hunting for Ores . . . Tien Ping-shan 48
The New World Market . . . John Carter .. 50
Home Rule for Tibetan Minority . . .
Chang Jen-k'ai 58
Our YWCA Literacy Class . . .
Betty Chandler Chang 60
Returned POW's Worry US Army 66
The Old Border Region . . . William Hinton 68
Fukien Forges Ahead . . . Ho Tun-sun .. 79
From Food Importer to Exporter . . .
Chen Fu-sheng 82
Education in New China . . .
Gladys Tayler Yang 94
Time for Lunch . . . Muriel Hoopes 90
"School Days Ended" . . . short story 94
36 Years Ago in the **Review** 100
New Man Village 106
Stores go to the People 110
Forming an Agricultural Producer Cooperative 113
China Notes 118
Books of Interest 122
Report to Readers 126

Cable Address "Reviewing" Shanghai
Telephone: 14772

Published at 160 Yenan Road (Eastern), Shanghai (0) China, by China Monthly Review Publishing Company. Printed by Shanghai Printing Works, 117 Hongkong Road, Shanghai, China.

LETTERS
From the People

Comments from readers on current topics are cordially invited: their opinions, however, do not necessarily represent the views of the *China Monthly Review*.

Old Friends

To the Editor:

I learned from your last issue that the Review will soon close. I feel great sorrow at parting with my old friend of the past 20 years. I sincerely hope that you will resume publication when your financial situation becomes better.

WU CHING-TI.

Chiaotung University,
Shanghai.

To the Editor:

I am very sorry to learn that the Review will close.

For more than a century, the history of China has been distorted by the foreign "China experts" and the domestic "learned men" like Lin Yutang and Hu Shih, bringing about a scornful and disdainful attitude of foreigners toward China's traditions and civilization and her people.

Now the Review has done much for the good of China and its closure is a great loss to China and the peace-loving peoples throughout the world.

I am anxious to know our editors' plans: to reside in China or return to their respective fatherlands? If our editors stay on in China, we, the people of China, shall give them a warm welcome for they have done much and will do more in favor of China's peaceful cultural construction. If they return to their country, we beg them to bring the facts about the brilliant success made in China since liberation so as to clear the misleading conceptions about China and establish true friendship among the peoples, who share the same ideas with the Chinese people—that of lasting peace.

SHIH CHIA-WEI.

Shanghai.

To the Editor:

I have been a reader (and occasional contributor) of your Review since 1919, so I deeply regret to read your closure announcement.

While regretting that it has to be closed for reasons you have mentioned in the announcement, I hasten to add that the Review has consistently and courageously put up a good fight for high standards and ideals in international relationships and has done more than calculable in bringing about a proper understanding between the people's China and the people's America.

HUBERT S. LIANG

Wuhu, Anhwei

To the Editor:

I was awfully sorry to learn of the closure of the Review—an unexpected end to its continuous publication for decades. Being one of the readers, I wish to be informed, if it would not inconvenience you, what you are going to do in China or in some other place.

I am much obliged to you for your kind help through which I have made good progress in writing English and have been able to tell people all over the world the developments taking place in the liberated Fukien.

HO TUN-SUN

Foochow

To the Editor:

I was shocked at your decision to close the **Review** and I am very, very sorry to learn that for the present there seems to be no way to remedy your financial situation.

However, the progressive mankind in the world will never forget what you have been doing all these years for the Chinese people's struggle for liberation in particular and for lasting world peace in general, and you have every reason to be proud of this noble cause.

There is nothing more dearly cherished in man's heart than the determination to maintain world peace and

The Railroad Moves Forward

To the Editor:

From Chengtu, Szechuan, northward to Huehyang, Shensi, there runs a line of 450 kilometers and more in length; here nearly 1,000 technical experts and 10,000 soldiers and civilian workers are pioneering the railroad through mountains and over rivers for the welfare of our people. Along this southern section of the Tienshui-Chengtu Railroad beats the pulse of communication to China's southwest.

This railroad, after having traversed the plains of western Szechuan, must cross the gorges of three rivers, and then surmount one of the most difficult passes in China, the cloud-enshrouded and snow-covered Yu Meng Pa. In this small section alone, the tunnels equal in number those of the entire length of the Chengtu-Chungking line. Earthwork for the roadbed, or to be excavated, will amount to 500,000 cubic meters for each kilometer in length.

The risks involved and the extremes of climate have not deterred the labor heroes who are devoting themselves to this construction work.

Pile-driving machines roar day and night, blasting is continuous, and high-powered pumps in the tunnels and beside bridge foundations spew out tons of snowy foam. At the most dangerous spots, on the cliffs at Chieh Hsiah Ho and Pa Miao Kon, workers, secured by safety belts stand, one foot on the rock surface and the other over empty space, and drill at the rocks. Their slogan is: "Our enthusiasm is much higher than the mountains, and unlike the rocks that crumble, our will ever hardens!"

The Chinese technical workers have thought up nearly 10,000 inventions and innovations during the half year. For instance, the shortening of the roadbed in one section by 25 kilometers resulted in a saving of ¥200,000,000.

There are great untapped resources of natural wealth in China's southwest; the people are eagerly looking forward to the development of these resources and the enlarging of the markets, which the railroad will bring about. Primitive transportation methods of the past meant that bulk products exported from Szechuan—medicine, hemp, sugar—required anywhere from eight days to a month for transportation to Paochi by cart, at a rate of over ¥2,000,000 per ton. When transported by train, they can reach their destination in two days with a freight charge of less than ¥700,000 per ton.

HSU PEI-CHANG

Shanghai.

tranquility. In case you should return to the United States, we know you will tell the truth about our country, which cannot long be hidden. I wish you every success in this respect.

P. Y. WANG

Peking

To the Editor:

I regret very much hearing that you are going to cease publication. The **Review** has long fought for peace and democracy in the Orient.

Since liberation, your publication has made still greater contribution in reporting genuine facts about new China and in refuting the false and distorted impressions planted in the minds of the peoples abroad by the capitalist press.

We feel very sorry to lose a valuable periodical and a true friend of the Chinese people for so many years. I hope you will let me know your future plans.

KAO FAN.

Soochow.

To the Editor:

I am very sorry to hear that you will soon wind up your office. The magazine has been doing a good job in informing its readers of the progress in new China. It is a shame that the United States authorities do not allow it to get to its subscribers.

When you return to the United States, tell your country what you have seen in China. When peace-loving peoples all over the world unite those who want war will be powerless.

SOPHIA CHANG.

Changsha.

Overseas Chinese

To the Editor:

Overseas Chinese in the US, Hawaii and Southeast Asia would hardly recognize their old home town of Toishan. Many changes have taken place in this city, a few hours by boat from Canton, from which thousands of Chinese migrated for decades.

Last year's completion of land reform in the vicinity of Toishan has raised peasant purchasing power and brought prosperity to the city. First tangible effect was that the volume of business done by private commerce and industry last December doubled that of June.

Reaping their largest harvest in years, the peasants have been snapping up consumer goods, farm tools, cotton goods and building materials.

In Toishan itself, long run-down and neglected, roads and sewers have been rebuilt and extended. The city's park has been renovated and enlarged, and a public square able to hold 50,000 people was built last year. In the blueprint stage for more than 10 years under the Kuomintang, a hydro-electric plant was completed in 1952, supplying all of Toishan and nearby districts.

Today, more and more children are going to school. By the beginning of this year there were one-third more high school students than before liberation. For the first time children from families of workers and peasants are able to attend school in Toishan.

M. Y. K.

Toishan, Kwangtung.

Correction

To the Editor:

In the Silk Road article in the last issue, you have the Red Army soldiers buried in the moat in Lanchow, rather than the actual place, which was Kanchow, 60 kilometers west of Sandan (now Changyih).

REWI ALLEY

Peking

The Month in Review

End of the Crisis Years

THIRTY-SIX years ago, in the first issue of the **Review**, the lead editorial was entitled, "China's Latest Crisis." In the years that followed literally scores of other editorials bore similar titles. At times the crises ran to several per month and the only way the **Review** managed to stay abreast of them was to devote anywhere up to half an issue to the many threatened or actual disasters then besetting China.

The first years of the **Review's** existence coincided with the period known in China as the Warlord Era, a time when dozens of generals fought and politicked among themselves for control of the country. Every region had its warlord and few areas escaped devastation.

During this period the internal crises were heightened—and in many cases caused—by foreign intervention, a constant feature of life in China for many decades. In their competition to secure preferment, the various foreign powers backed first one and then another warlord, always exacting their price for such aid in the form of new concessions.

These were the days of foreign settlements (areas which were removed from Chinese jurisdiction and in which the foreigner controlled the entire administration), of extraterritoriality (under which a foreigner was exempt from Chinese courts and law), of foreign control of China's customs. Foreigners owned, or held heavy mortgages on, the country's railways, foreigners exploited the nation's mineral resources and China's international trade was almost exclusively in the hands of foreign businessmen. Already a semi-colony, the country seemed on the verge of division and complete colonization by the foreign powers.

And, needless to say, these were the days of super-profits for the foreign taipans and super-poverty for the Chinese people.

By the mid-twenties Chinese resentment against this state of affairs rose to new heights. The call for internal unity, for abolition of the unequal treaties and all other foreign privileges was heard on all sides.

This resentment was expressed in the growing nationalist movement. Patriots young and old, men and women, flocked to south China where Dr. Sun Yat-sen's Kuomintang—revitalized by its alliance with the Chinese Communist Party—was planning a campaign to unify the country.

The foreign powers with "interests" in China, led by Britain, the United States, Japan and France, viewed the strong nationalist and anti-imperialist temper of the Chinese people with alarm, realizing that their whole privileged position in China, carefully built up over almost a century, was in danger.

At first they tried the old methods: shows of force by their own military and naval units stationed in China, giving extra support to opposition warlords and political factions. When these failed, they abruptly changed their tack and tried a new and more subtle approach. Openly professing "sympathy" for what they termed China's "legitimate" aspirations, they secretly searched out the weak spots in the nationalist movement and began attacking them with silver bullets.

The result is all too well known. Chiang Kai-shek and a number of other prominent personages in the Kuomintang, whose nationalism was only a veneer covering their basic compradore-puppet mentality, sold out the revolution in return for foreign dollars.

The crises continued. Chiang dissolved the United Front and instituted a reign of terror against all progressives, drowning the new labor unions and peasants' associations in blood. The repression lasted as long as Chiang did. To date no one knows just how many people he killed, but, if one includes the tens of thousands formally executed, the hundreds of thousands butchered (including whole villages wiped out) in his never-ending "mopping-up" campaigns, the millions who perished in his deliberately caused floods and famines, the toll would be indeed staggering.

The country's "unification" under Chiang, however, did not end the crises. By the terms of his partnership with the foreigners, the latter were enabled to step up their exploitation, while Chiang's own exactions became ever heavier. The people were steadily being impoverished, discontent was on all sides. Meanwhile, the Communist-led people's forces, far from being exterminated, maintained themselves in the countryside where their program for national unity, abolition of foreign privilege and drastic social reforms became increasingly popular with the people.

In 1931 the numerous internal crises were aggravated by Japan's invasion of China's northeastern provinces, known as Manchuria. Popular resentment against foreign aggression and a policy of national betrayal forced Chiang to call off the civil war and to accept the Chinese Communists' offer of an alliance to fight the Japanese who were consolidating their position in the Northeast in open preparation for the conquest of the entire country.

In 1937 Japan struck again and, for a while, the United Front held. However, as the going got rougher, Chiang became more and more concerned with preserving his own armed strength (needed to maintain his unpopular rule). Rather than risk his forces in battle with the Japanese he steadily retreated, leaving the people to the invaders' mercy. At the same time he began deploying his best troops in a blockade around the rear of the Communist armies.

Defeatism rapidly spread among the upper levels of the Kuomintang. Once again the compradore mentality of Chiang and his aides came to the fore. Secret dickerings were carried on with the Japanese, while Wang Ching-wei and other prominent members of the Kuomintang deserted to the Japanese and became the latter's acknowledged puppets in the conquered areas.

Meanwhile the Communist-led armies continued the struggle against the Japanese, not only fighting on the front, but spreading their guerrilla forces throughout the entire areas occupied by the Japanese. This development alarmed Chiang far more than the steady Japanese advances. Like a true compradore he reasoned that if the worst came to the worst he could always make a deal with the Japanese, as he had done with other foreigners before, and maintain himself as their lackey. However, guerrilla warfare, implying fraternization between troops and the people and arming of the villagers, was another thing. His experience had taught him that there was no making a "deal" with the people. Thus, he was unwilling to see them armed and brought into the war against the Japanese.

Therefore, Chiang once again torpedoed the United Front, making a surprise attack on one of the Communist-led people's armies. From then on until the end of the war, Chiang spent more time fighting the Communists than fighting the Japanese. Time after time, his local commanders even joined the Japanese in combined operations against the people's armies.

In the areas remaining under Chiang's control, crisis followed crisis, scandal followed scandal. The currency was fantastically debased, commodities were openly hoarded by Chiang's relatives and hangers-on, his generals went into business with their soldiers' pay.

The people became poorer and poorer.

By the time the war ended Chiang's regime was on the verge of disintegration. Only large-scale American intervention saved it from immediate collapse. Having come out of the war as the strongest of the old powers having interests in this country, the United States took over the role of No. 1 supporter of Chiang and No. 1 milker of China.

However, both Chiang and his American supporters were on a merry-go-round which refused to stop. The collapse had only been postponed. As conditions deteriorated, Chiang required more guns to maintain public "order," but the more the US gave him the more economic and other concessions it demanded, and the more concessions Chiang gave, the worse conditions became. Increasingly large sections of the public turned toward the Communists, giving support to their call for a new United Front and wholesale governmental reforms. Chiang, with the support of his American friends, tried to solve this crisis in the only way he knew —by force of arms.

In preparation, the United States armed and equipped and trained countless divisions, supplied him with astronomical quantities of guns, tanks, trucks, airplanes and all the other weapons necessary for a modern war. What happened is already history. In four short years Chiang suffered one of the most colossal defeats in Chinese history, losing more than 8,000,000 men (wounded, captured, missing, etc.) and practically all the equipment given him by the United States.

With the end of Chiang also ended the **Review's** three decade-long string of "crisis" editorials. The past four years have seen problems aplenty and, perhaps a few near-crises, but certainly no real honest-to-goodness crisis-disasters which were our (and our readers') diet for so long.

While the **Review's** editorials have continued to deal with problems and difficulties of various sorts these past four years, an increasing number have commented upon the *progress* in this field, the *success* of that undertaking, things which were unheard of in the old days. The change can be seen clearly from the titles of many editorials—"Food Problem *Solved*," "Production *Miracle*," "*Victory* on the Economic Front," "Peasants' Taxes *Lowered*," and so on.

As the Chinese people so aptly put it, the *old* China died along with Chiang's Kuomintang government. Liberation ushered in a new era, that of the *new* China, a time of progress and prosperity, one in which there is no place for all the unnecessary crises which were almost daily affairs in the past.

We have had a grandstand seat during the first four years of this new China and it is no exaggeration to say that we've never seen anything like it. More solid progress has been made in this brief period than was ever even thought about during the previous 32 years that the **Review** covered China.

Huge undertakings ranging all the way from ending the flood menace for all time to providing decent housing, education and medical care to establishing clean and efficient government—things which, when thought about at all in the old days, were considered impossible or not "practical" for the foreseeable future—have been or are rapidly being accomplished in the new China.

The Chinese people have taken their destiny into their own hands and the days of crisis are a thing of the past.

◆

NANKING'S NEW UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

TING KUANG-HSUN

TO those in the West who have been victims of propaganda about "religious persecution" in new China, it may be difficult to believe that there can be any theological education in this country. However, the fact is that theological institutions —both Roman Catholic and Protestant—are open and operating in China, under Chinese Christian auspices and supported by Chinese Christians ourselves.

Here in Nanking we are just completing the first term in the new Nanking Union Theological Seminary. This seminary is a union of 11 smaller East China Protestant theological colleges, including the Fukien Union Theological College in Foochow, the Central Anglican (or Episcopalian) Theological School in Shanghai, the China Baptist Theological Seminary in Shanghai, the North China Theological School of Tung Hsien in Shantung province, and the Chi Loo University School of Theology in Tsinan.

The 101 students in this amalgamated institution in Nanking are at three academic levels: post-graduate, university and senior high school. There will be 31 graduates at the end of the first term. All of them have accepted invitations to take up assistant pastorates or to do other church work in the cities and rural areas. This is a clear indication that the church is continuing normally in China today.

Some may ask: "But are there new students entering theological institutes?" Up to the present we have already 97

TING KUANG-HSUN (K. H. Ting), one of China's better known young Christian workers, is an Anglican (Episcopalian) minister who is now dean of the new Union Theological Seminary in Nanking. From 1947 to 1951 he was a secretary of the World Student Christian Federation, visiting churches and universities in Europe and North and South America.

applications for admission. Unfortunately, our present facilities are limited and we are not able to take them all in immediately.

At the heart of our curriculum are courses in the Old and New Testaments. Equal importance is given to Systematic Theology. At the same time, we also offer courses in Church History, History of Dogma, Biblical Archaeology, Pastoral Theology, Church Music, Languages and so forth. The language courses are in Chinese, Greek, Hebrew and English.

Christians all over the world are aware of how disunity among Christians and between church groups accounts for a large part of our failure in the work of evangelism. For a long time it seemed as if no amount of good intentions to bring about unity could succeed. Formerly, a joint committee, representing two theological schools from the same city in China, worked for 15 years on a plan for their union without any tangible result.

Today, in new China, the entire atmosphere has changed. Self-containment or self-aggrandizement has become outmoded.

Rev. K. H. Ting (at left) is shown with Rev. Brand, a Methodist minister from Australia (center) and Mr. McGeorge, also of Australia, who visited the seminary in their recent tour of China.

Thus, the 11 seminaries in East China have been able to achieve their union on an entirely voluntary basis and within a relatively short period, to the gratification of all Christians who had prayed that this should happen.

In the newly organized seminary there are 15 Protestant denominations taking part. The special characteristics and needs of each denomination are given due respect not only in the setting up of the curriculum but also in the planning of the worship and the general life of the seminary community. For instance, while most services are for all to attend, a chapel is set apart for Anglicans (or Episcopalians) to hold their own celebration of Holy Communion on Sundays and Holy Days.

Since our seminary is different from other institutions of higher education in China in that ours is in every way a church institution and not a government one, our financial support comes solely from Christian sources. However, the seminary has been organized with the knowledge and good will of the people's government in accordance with the principle of freedom of religion as guaranteed by Article 5 of the Common Program of the country.

THE deliberately-spread rumor that the Christian Church in China is not free and is being persecuted is absolutely groundless. In the spring of 1948, many church as well as secular publications in the West reported on the sensational "crucifixion" of the Reverend Ernest A. T. Tsang, a Baptist professor of New Testament then teaching in Shantung, at the hands of the Chinese Communists in that province.

Despite all the sympathy and worry aroused by this report stating that the "martyr" had suffered for three days and three nights on a wooden cross before he died, the fact is that the Reverend Tsang is quite alive today and is teaching three courses in the New Testament right here at our Nanking seminary.

The Church is free in China. We have not been asked to change one iota of the historic Christian faith which is as precious to us Christians in China as it is to Christians the world over. Sunday services in our churches are well attended and the spiritual level of our members is high. It is only within a church that is living and free that such a seminary as ours can become a possibility and a necessity.

Many young Christian men and women are considering the ministry and church work as a way for them to serve God and the people. Today, Christian ministers are working within an environment of moral health and vigor. They can carry on their moral and spiritual tasks with conscience at peace because, today, they have the freedom to come all-out for peace, democracy, liberty, human dignity and all those things which the Christian faith demands of a human community.

In the past, ministers with a real sense of calling were bound to feel conscience-stricken since they were forced to refrain from expressing an opinion on all "touchy issues." It was a risk even to show any sympathy for the peace movement, although they knew it was peace the world needed.

But, today, we have no inhibitions about speaking our minds as Christians. In new China, religious freedom is much more than government toleration of religion. It also includes the freedom of the Christian conscience. And this makes it a real joy to be a minister of the gospel.

The church in China has a unique role to play at this new beginning of our country. It will carry out this role not only through its worship and its work of love but also by dedicating itself to the cause of world peace. The church in China today feels impelled from within to call its sister churches abroad to consider seriously their attitude as regards the cause of world peace. Peace cannot be separated from the core of that Faith which the church professes.

CHURCHES IN SHANGHAI

THE number of churches in Shanghai, China's largest city, has increased since liberation in May 1949. A large Baptist church building was completed last year and opened to churchgoers on one of the city's main streets. By the end of 1952 there were about 10 different Protestant denominations in Shanghai, represented by 139 churches, not including their various branch churches. Since liberation attendance has been going up; for example, in the one-time American-run Community Church, attendance which once fell as low as 70, now averages well over 200 every Sunday.

Workers Become Engineers

GRACE LIU

THE Tientsin Waterworks Company has inaugurated two types of educational projects for workers and staff members.

Workmen of less than a fourth-grade education attend literacy and technical classes of one and a half hours a day, five days a week. The class on Monday is devoted entirely to technical training. After being given an overall idea of the general schedule of production, the men are divided in groups according to their work, and each group then concentrates on its specifically required techniques.

The men who repair and manufacture spare parts for meters learn measurements and units, what water pressure is and how to measure it. They learn the characteristics of various kinds of meters: accuracy, percentage of error and loss of water pressure, etc. Their work is consequently no longer purely mechanical, and uninteresting.

The purification group is composed of three smaller groups—the slow sand-filter, rapid sand-filter and coagulation tank attendants. These men learn the principles of purification, sedimentation, filtration, coagulation, chlorination, etc, and how to measure turbidity. Whereas each little group formerly did its work separately and mechanically according to the chemist's directions, adding so many pounds of alum or chlorine per hour, they now have gotten together and learned to coordinate their work, so that the whole process of purification runs smoothly as one operation. Since they now know why the chemicals are added and their effect, the men carefully watch the incoming water and the quality of the outgoing water and can judge whether more or less chemicals are needed.

In the distribution group are the men who lay water mains and install pipes and meters. They learn the general features of the distribution system for the whole city, something they never knew before. They are taught measurements and units, the functions of meters, and how to read them. Formerly, when a householder asked what the meter said, the pipe fitters would have to answer, "You must wait till the meter-reader comes."

They also learn the computation of water volume and how to compute the area of pipes and tanks. They learn how a pipe is made, and of what different materials. The boiler and engine men learn the principles of boilers and steam engines and how to read blueprints.

THE regular Technical Training School is for workers and staff members who have been through the fourth grade, or higher. This is a regular school with a president, vice-president, and two deans: one in charge of the curriculum, planning and teaching, the other in charge of marks, leaves of absence and the organizing of mutual-help groups.

The school is arranged in three divisions, the first equivalent to junior middle school, the second equivalent to senior middle school, and the third equivalent to two years of a technical college. Each of these three divisions is in three grades, and the whole course will take about five years, although so far there are only the first and second grades of the first division, with classes every morning. There are 10 students in each class, and as they advance new classes will be formed and the lower grades refilled from the literacy and technical classes and from newcomers to the Waterworks.

FIRST DIVISION subjects are mathematics, chemistry, physics, the general features of water supply, politics and the history of the Chinese revolution. The more advanced grades will study more advanced subjects along the same line, with increasing emphasis on water supply. Graduates will receive Technical Training School diplomas and be qualified waterworks engineers.

Once a month, the president, the deans, and all teachers meet together with the students' representatives. They discuss what subjects are going well and which need improvement, what would be more effective methods and ways to help the students to understand their studies. The relationship between the teachers and students and between theory and practice is close, because on the job the teacher is the engineer in charge and the student is the worker. This creates a very effective atmosphere of mutual confidence and understanding which enables the worker-student to grasp difficult points quickly.

The workmen students include pipe fitters, engine attendants, trench diggers, sand carriers, filter and boiler attendants and machinists. From the staff there are meter readers, bill collectors, accountants, storekeepers, draughtsmen, telephone operators and typists. The four telephone operators and six typists are girls.

THE dean of studies, to whom I talked, is one of the senior engineers and also one of the teachers. He did post-graduate work at the Sorbonne and speaks excellent English, French and Russian. The president of the school is the deputy chief engineer of the Waterworks Company, and a Columbia graduate. There are eight teachers in all, five engineers, two political instructors and the wife of the chemist, who teaches physics.

Mr. Chang, the studies and planning dean, said the students have tremendous enthusiasm and show such eagerness to learn that it is a pleasure to teach them. He said that the workmen are better students than the staff members, and their reasoning ability is greater because they can readily see the connection between the theories and principles they learn in class and the practical work they do every day. Such staff members as bill collectors, storekeepers, draughtsmen and typists, however, have better memories.

At present the two classes are divided into mutual-aid groups of seven or eight members, who help one another and strive to progress together, not individually. One who excells in any particular subject helps his mates who find it difficult. They know the country's great need for trained tech-

Workers at the Tangshan Power Plant listen to a lecture on principles of mechanics.

nicians, and there is no thought of making a brilliant showing individually and of trying to out-shine one's fellow students. The workmen take their responsibility to the country and to the people very seriously, and consider it their duty to become as skillful and proficient as possible.

MOST of the technical school's students are between 20 and 30 years old, but four are over 40, and one, Chang Sheng-nien, is 50. This man, now deputy superintendent of the main pumping station, was formerly just a mechanic, a typical old-style workman who had learned his trade when young by blindly following the directions of an experienced engineer.

"Tighten this screw." "Put oil here." "Put oil there." "Start the engine." He carried out instructions without knowing the whys and wherefores, but he was clever and hard-working and eventually became a foreman. After liberation, he felt a great desire to learn and improve his work, and when the Technical Training School was started, he was eager to join although nearly 50. He has never been late or absent, and applies himself so diligently to learning what he is taught that he has been able to make a number of improvements in the waterworks' steam and diesel engines and increase their efficiency. He has also made apparatus for the water purification works.

Last year he was elected a model worker, and about two months ago he was made deputy superintendant of one pumping station. Here is an example of how deeply he goes into his studies, and takes nothing for granted. When first shown how to use the formula to compute the volume of a sphere, it looked too simple. He felt he must prove it to his own satisfaction. The engineer who taught the class was much impressed to come across his student surrounded by a group of workmen, cutting and measuring an apple to test the formula.

RESULTS of educating the workmen for even this short length of time have been amazing. Now that they have acquired enough technical knowledge to read mechanical drawings, use slide rules and handle surveying instruments, and have gained some scientific understanding of the work they are doing, the workmen have the confidence to undertake tasks that formerly would have been completely beyond their ability. These include laying a 30-inch steel pipe across as big a river as the Hai Ho, and a 48-inch steel pipe across the Grand Canal and the making of 48-inch low pressure reinforced concrete pipes. These would be big jobs in any country.

But the most tremendous accomplishment and the one the workmen are the most enthusiastic and happy over, is the modern, up-to-date purification plant with mechanical filters, having an output of 100,000 metric tons, or 25,000,000 US gallons of water a day. This has just been finished within 10 months, including the bitter winter. This plant is automatically operated by electric and hydraulic mechanisms. All the equipment can be made in China.

The workmen rightly consider that this is a splendid example of what workmen can accomplish when their natural capabilities and talents receive encouragement and training. They know that the building-up of new China industrially depends in large measure upon them and their fellow-workers all over the country. Just this initial step in technical education has been enough to show them what they are capable of doing when they begin to acquire scientific knowledge. They have caught a glimpse of what it will mean when all China's innumerable workers are skilled technicians.

It is an exciting and inspiring vision!

WORKERS GET PROMOTIONS

SINCE October 1949, when the people's government was founded, 124,000 workers in new China's industry have been promoted to technical and administrative posts as a result of active participation in industrializing the nation.

Of these 7,800 are now directors or deputy-directors in factories throughout China. Simultaneously, in this period nearly 225,000 ordinary workers have gained the title of model and advanced worker in the course of nation-wide emulation campaigns in industry.

A total of 489,000 rationalization proposals made by workers have been adopted resulting in increased production and huge savings in the cost of production.

An American reporter's

Visit to Free Viet-Nam

Joseph Starobin

IN March of this year, I visited Free Viet-Nam, and traveled a thousand kilometers through the liberated areas governed by the Democratic Republic of which the legendary Ho Chi Minh is president. I came away from the Resistance headquarters just a few days before the People's Army of Pathet Lao (meaning "the nation of the Lao people") swept aside the French strongpoints in the northern highlands of this state which adjoins Viet-Nam, and with which it has a treaty of mutual assistance.

The voyage by truck, bicycle, horse and on foot illustrates the hard conditions of Vietnamese life. Almost all movement is by night. During the day, the American-made Hellcats and Privateers sweep up from their bases in the Hanoi delta to tear open the wooded areas with napalm fires and bombard the roads. There is, as yet, no anti-aircraft to oppose them.

Plowing of the fields of rice (the staple Vietnamese food) must take place in early dawn or even at night, for the gallant French aviators enjoy machine-gunning the water buffaloes and even the peasant children.

All the bridges are smashed. Our truck, looking like some prehistoric monster in its camouflage of bamboo branches, with its head-lights narrowed to small eye-balls of light, had to ford innumerable streams. Even the crude trestles, hacked from tree trunks, will be useless when the rainy season sets in by the middle of May and lasts until September. After coming down from the shoulder of limestone mountains, four to five thousand feet high, into the humid valley our bicycles took us over incredibly bumpy roads to the midland jungles.

I will never forget my first encounter with this people: hundreds of peasant men and women, dressed in their traditional loose brown blouses and their bluish-black trousers, some with black turbans of the Tho minority, most of them barefoot; they were working at midnight under the flare of bamboo torches to repair a road-bend near Na Fac. The bombs had dug enormous craters, now filled with stagnant water. These peasants chipped at the yellow soil with their pickaxes and hoes; they tugged at the uprooted trees; they carried stones in their bamboo baskets, and all the while, they sang strange songs which echoed from the hillsides.

This is how they work, night after night. And as I walked past, my shoulders hunched up instinctively as though they were accusing me . . . No form of warfare is more cynical than airplane bombardments. But what is more cynical than these bombings from planes, made in the USA, a country which not one Vietnamese in a million has ever seen, and here in this land unknown to Americans, against a people that never did us any harm?

Before my visit to a unit of Viet-Nam's Army, its commander-in-chief Vo Nguyen Giap spent two hours with me, in front of the maps in the mountain hut of his headquarters, explaining the course of the war, its problems and prospects. He is a slightly-built man of 41, dressed in simple khaki, speaking perfect French, with a most subtle smile playing around the eyes and lips of his handsome countenance.

Under Ho Chi Minh's inspiration, he had formed the first "armed propaganda detachment" of 34 men in these same hills. That was in 1940-41, just after the French colonialists turned Indo-China over to the Japanese imperialists. The basic rule was to keep the initiative, to grow by fighting, Giap explained, but to give battle only when it was profitable, and he added, "as you say in Wall Street."

By the end of 1944, the People's Army had 2,000 men, equipped with 17 different types of weapons. "I made the inventory myself," he chuckled. In March 1945 the Japanese turned on their French servants, but four months later, Japan also surrendered. The key cities of Hanoi and Saigon rose up, as did the whole people: this was the August 1945 Revolution which proclaimed the Democratic Republic and named Ho Chi Minh president.

JOSEPH STAROBIN is a progressive American newspaperman who has spent the past several months traveling in Asia. In this article he describes his recent 1,000-kilometer trip through the liberated areas of Viet-Nam. His last article, fourth of a series on China, appeared in the May issue of the *Review*.

But the de Gaullist admirals and businessmen, returning "in the baggage of Gurkha troops" as one writer has said, refused to honor their own treaty of March 1946 which recognized Viet-Nam as a free state. At that time, Ho Chi Minh was ready to maintain close economic and cultural ties with France and stay within the French Union. But the colonialists would not have anything less than complete domination.

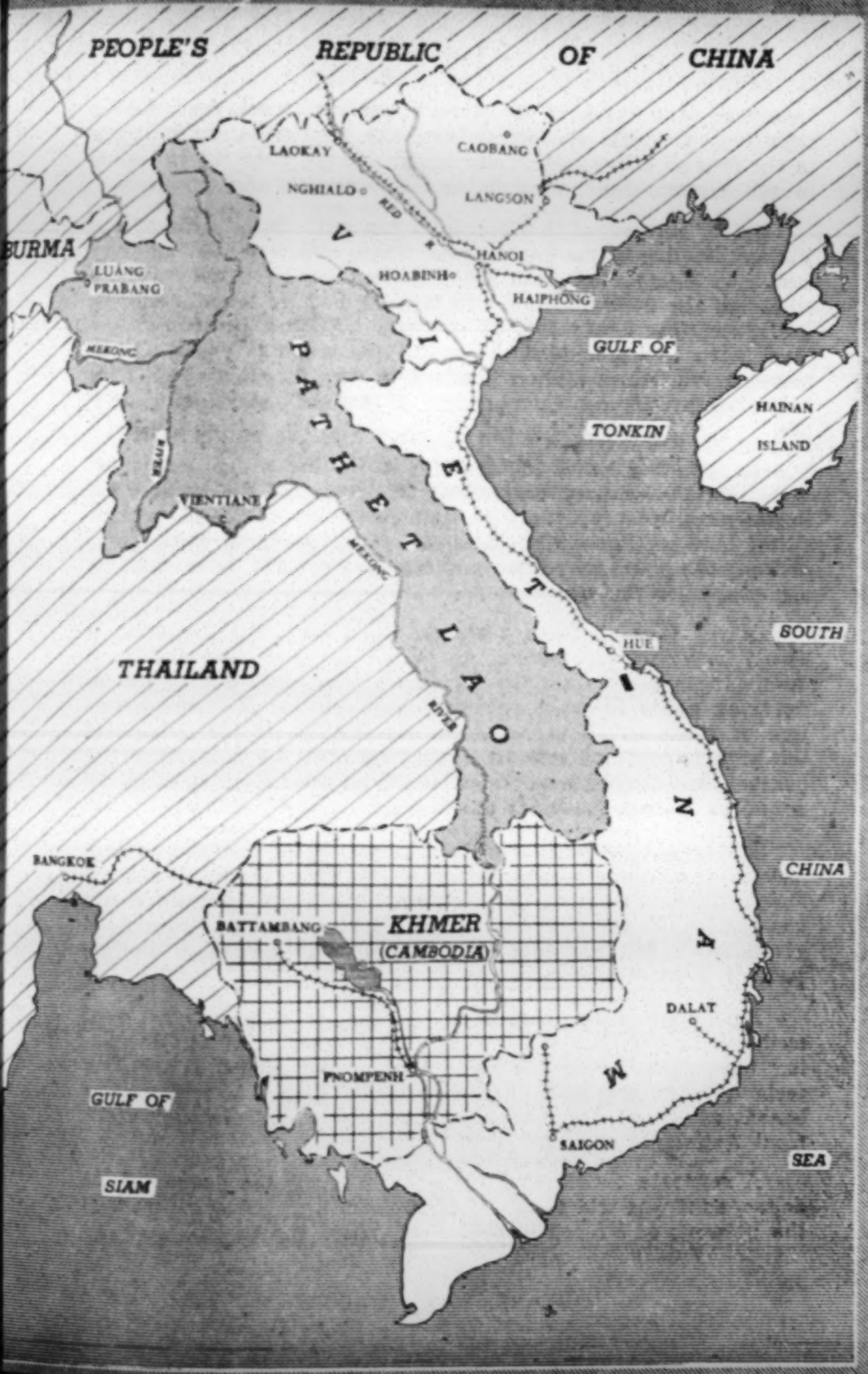
After the December 1946 attack, the Resistance was forced back into the hills. There it survived a heavy offensive, but by the autumn of 1950 it was strong enough to launch a limited offensive, wiping out a number of French strong points. This was the turning-point. The stage of defensive fighting had passed; the present stage of preparing the victorious counter-offensive had begun. Early in 1952, the liberation of Hoa Binh, a key town below Hanoi, demonstrated the People's Army strength within the delta itself. Last autumn, 250,000 people of the Thai minority were liberated in the five valleys of the northwest in a series of lightening offensives. These cleared most of the border with Yunnan, and with neighboring Laos.

Today, Giap commands armies which are numbered in many divisions. They are well-trained, and maneuver with light and heavy artillery, most of it American-made and taken from the supplies which the United States has sent to the French Expeditionary Corps since 1949. In addition to these armies in the liberated areas, Free Viet-Nam has well-developed guerrilla bases in the delta of Hanoi, all the way down the thin waist of the country to the Saigon delta and the Plain of Reeds.

A ceaseless battle is waged along the lines of communication, and the French are restricted to a network of blockhouses from which they lash out in "mopping-up operations." Ten of thousands of peasants volunteer to carry rice and munitions even in the most complex maneuvers of the valleys and mountains. Therefore, an even heavier bombing of the roads will not seriously effect the People's Army supply.

Two nights' travel from Giap's headquarters, I visited a battalion of the 308th division: 500 lads, almost all of peasant origin. Their average age is 22, though many have been fighting since 1947 and the political commissars are veterans of the 1941 period. They are tough, bronzed lads, whose jet black hair contrasts with their light green uniforms.

This battalion took an average of one prisoner per man last autumn, and entirely exchanged its weapons for new ones captured in the fighting. I saw them—US carbines and French


PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA
BURMA
LAOKAY
CAOBANG
NGHIALO
LANGSON
RED RIVER
HANOI
HOABINH
HAIPHONG
LUANG PRABANG
MEKONG
GULF OF TONKIN
HAINAN ISLAND
RIVER
VIENTIANE
PATHET LAO
VIET NAM
MEKONG RIVER
HUE
SOUTH CHINA SEA
THAILAND
BANGKOK
KHMER (CAMBODIA)
BATTAMBANG
DALAT
PNOMPENH
SAIGON
GULF OF SIAM

bazookas. And three of the Army's mottoes struck me: Never take even a needle or thread from the people; never complain in the face of difficulties or shortages; always keep the initiative in all circumstances, overcoming all obstacles and problems.

Ninety percent of this people is peasant. Two-thirds of the Vietnamese live in the two deltas. Their difficulty keeping body and soul together is clear from the official French figures of 1948. In the northern delta, 24 percent had no land at all; in the south, this figure was 57 percent. Fifteen percent of the land in the south and 40 percent in the north is parcelled out among more than a million families, in tiny fragments less than half a hectare in size—just enough, or just not enough, to sustain life.

On the other hand, 180 families in the north held estates of more than 30 hectares, comprising 20 percent of the land; 6,300 landowners, most of them foreign companies, held 45 percent of the land in the south. Most industrial products come from abroad; the prices of rubber and coal and tin are determined by big companies far away.

In the face of these realities, the Democratic Republic is slowly achieving a change, above all in producing food and developing small-scale artisan industry. Ho Chi Minh's present agrarian policy is not a sweeping land reform; it is the reduction of rents by 25 percent, the cancellation of old debts and the scaling down of interest rates, while at the same time the peasants are taught to tear new land from the jungle, to diversify crops, to use new methods of planting.

The only distribution of land comes from the estates confiscated from the French colonialists or those Vietnamese landlords that turn traitor; the communal lands of olden times are also being divided. In this way, 250,000 hectares have been given to 420,000 peasants—an impressive indication of the republic's prestige and power.

But even more impressive is the tremendous work of modernizing methods of planting, using more fertilizer, supplying tools forged from the scrap iron of the bombs, stimulating techniques of emulation and economy—all this is without the benefit of "Point Four," and without the United Nations Technical Assistance experts!.

A separate article could be written about the drama of the deltas, as it was told to me by cadres who had just come through the network of French blockhouses. There the colonialists have bombed very important irrigation works. The peasants must build small dykes with bare hands, and dig wells for water—without which rice will not grow. The French are unable, even with Bao Dai's puppet government, to control every village hence they try to destroy the villages and herd the people within range of their blockhouses.

A terrible struggle goes on: to grow food, to keep the harvest from the enemy soldiery, to hide the cadres. There is a constant cycle of guerrilla battles, mopping-up expeditions, planting of new crops, new ravages of battles. Under the muzzle of occupation guns, the authority of Ho Chi Minh's government is put to its most severe test.

I spent one day in a "factory in the forest," one of the many arsenals of the Resistance, where Viet-Nam's working class is being forged. Six hundred workers, some of them old-timers from the Hanoi railway yards, others newly trained peasant youngsters (15 percent of them women) were operating lathes, turners, and shapers. These machines had been dragged by hand-cart over mountains and rivers to the bamboo sheds. Here I saw electricity being generated by six cylinder Chrysler marine engines and Delco generators; it was the third time I had seen electric lights during my stay in Viet-Nam. Recoilless bazookas are being made out of old rails, and mortars out of

A group of VPA fighters welcome Truong Chinh, general secretary of the Viet-Nam Lao Dong Party (center, sitting).

steam-pipes; 3,000 hand grenades are manufactured each day, and I watched the process from start to testing ground, where sample grenades exploded . . . tearing up the jungle soil.

The Front Lien Viet is the body which expresses and unifies the Resistance. Since March 1951 it has absorbed the Viet-Minh, the Independence League which had been founded in 1941. The Lien Viet is a much broader front, comprising the Lao Dong Party (Working People's Party) the Democratic and Socialist parties, the General Confederation of Labor (with 200,000 members) the Peasants' Association for National Salvation, and the youth and women's movements. It also embraces the Buddhist League for National Salvation and the Resistant Catholics as well as outstanding non-partisan patriots of diverse views and origins. Viet-Nam has 2,000,000 Catholics, one of the largest such groups in Asia, but the efforts of the Papal Nuncio, an American named Jean Dooley, to turn them against the Resistance has failed.

How all this came about was described by the Front Lien Viet chairman, 73 year-old grandfatherly Ton Duc Thang, who himself represents a whole epoch of Vietnamese history. He was a sailor in the French merchant navy; it was he who raised the Red Flag on the cruiser *Waldeck Rousseau* during the Black-Sea mutiny of 1920. For 18 and a half years, he was imprisoned

Viet-Nam people loading ammunition for the army at the front.

on Poulo Condor, 65 miles off the southern coast. Five thousand patriots languished there until the August 1945 Revolution. Only 1,500 came out alive.

The Lao Dong Party, as its dynamic secretary-general, Truong Chinh, told me during our farewell afternoon, is the leading force: its 700,000 members are the backbone of the Resistance. This Party, which replaced the former Communist Party of Indo-China in 1951 leads, but it does not dominate. It is quite erroneous to speak of Viet-Nam as "Communist" not only because its present stage of development is far from Communism or even Socialism, but because the essence of its Communist leadership has been to give maximum self-expression and opportunities to the non-Communist forces.

In the republic's cabinet, for example, only the posts of defense, finance and labor are held by Lao Dong members. Important ministries such as the interior, foreign affairs, education and agriculture are held by non-party men, or by Democrats and Socialists. I talked at length and freely with Duong Duc Hien, of the Democratic Party, and Phan To Nghia, of the Socialists, both of whom expressed differences in principle with the Lao Dong but acknowledged their debt to its leadership.

The Front Lien Viet, therefore, brings together the peasants, the workers, the patriotic capitalists, the patriotic landlords and the petty bourgeoisie and intellectuals in this united Resistance.

A school of cadres—300 men and women taking a three month course—was being held in the forests in preparation for the great 1953 mobilization to carry out President Ho's agrarian policy. Many had come from the Hanoi delta; I talked with one lad who had walked four months from the guerrilla bases near Saigon. There were writers here who spoke of Aragon and Howard Fast; there were artists who had just held an exhibition of 100 paintings in the villages; there were doctors working on streptomycin and defenses against bacteriological warfare—all of them side by side with sons of peasants and artisans.

In this Vietnamese equivalent of China's Yenan, I heard of remarkable achievements, such as teaching 13,000,000 people how to read and write, of the half million children that attend the republic's schools, of the traveling theaters, and the 1952 literary competition in which 700 plays, poems and novels had been entered.

Xuan Thuy, the genial editor of *Chu Quoc* (*National Salvation*) told me how this daily newspaper of the Front Lien

Viet is published simultaneously in three parts of the country, in 30,000 copies each. There are five printing presses hidden in these hills. Each edition has its correspondents and the papers circulate by truck, by bicycle, on foot. World-wide news is monitored by radio.

The 62 year-old grandmother, Mme. Vo Thi Hanf, a little old lady with a white kerchief and wrinkled face, told the story of her martyred daughter, the national heroine Bui Thi Cuc, one of the eight children of this family. Three of the boys have already given their lives in battle. In 1950, the 20 year-old Cuc who was a government cadre and about to be married, had liberated her native village from the tyranny of the traitor, Nhi. The French colonialists tried to make her reveal the names of her comrades; they tied her to a stake, and hacked off each arm, and then each breast, and each of her legs, as she shouted: "Long Live President Ho . . ." And when they pumped her body full of lead, it fell to pieces. "Cuc," I was told, is the Vietnamese word for chrysanthemum.

IT was a special privilege to spend two evenings in the company of the President, the second time at his dinner table. Ho Chi Minh passed his 63rd birthday on May 19th. He is a tallish man, his shoulders now slightly hunched, with greying hair that recedes from a broad forehead; sharp eyes peer over his high cheekbones, and he wears the Oriental wisp of a mustache and beard. When he laughs, which is often, his white teeth flash. And he dresses in the simple jacket and cotton trousers of the peasant.

Ho Chi Minh, whose name means "He Who Englightens," is many things at once to his people. He is the selfless, ascetic patriot, but also the man who infused the fierce national pride of his people's 85 years of struggle with international solidarity. He gives the example of "industriousness, frugality, justice and virtue," which he teaches to the Vietnamese youth. He is also the man of state, the master strategist of the Revolution through its most difficult times.

In his younger years, Ho Chi Minh travelled widely, touching almost every shore in the world. He knows China well, and he saw Soviet Russia in socialist construction. He worked in France, where he was the only "Annamite" to attend the famous Congress of Tours in 1920, when the Communist Party of France was formed. Among the five languages at his command is a very good English; and somewhere in his time he glimpsed the America that-used-to-be. For he spoke of the traditions of Jefferson and Lincoln and he asked me: "What would the ancestors of the American people say to see your planes bombard a people struggling for its independence?"

The president hoes his own garden; he types his own declarations in the simple poetic language that each peasant understands; the poems about Ho are recited in the villages and the army encampments. He is the founder of the Communist Party of Indo-China in 1930, the veteran of the jails of Hongkong in 1931-1932, and he was once declared dead by the French Surete, which published its dossier about him. Since 1940-41, he has never left these forests, except for the state visit to Paris, in the unsuccessful negotiations of 1946.

INTERNATIONAL attention is now focused on Laos, a nation of 1,500,000 people, living in the strategic valleys and mountains between northern Thailand, the Shan state of Burma, Yunnan province of China, and northwestern Viet-Nam. Ethnically, the Lao people differ from their Vietnamese allies, and from the 4,000,000 people of Khmer (the ancient name of Cambodia) to the south. Pathet Lao is the remnant of the once mighty Tai empire, one of the most ancient peoples of Asia, whose cousins live scattered through the adjoining nations.

Its Resistance is distinct from that of Viet-Nam and Khmer, though allied. It is led by the "Neo Lao Itanla" movement, founded by 100 delegates at its first national congress in August 1950. It was this body which sent its leader, Prince Souphanouvong (he took his engineering degree at Paris in the '30s) to visit Viet-Nam, where the Bloc of Alliance was signed in March 1951.

Mr. Dulles is crying about "Communist aggression" in Laos, but where is the aggression? If people of Viet-Nam have in fact helped their Laotian brothers, they have done so under treaties of mutual aid. After all, France itself considers these as "associated states" and part of the Indo-Chinese Federation. The real aggression began 85 years ago when imperialism broke into this land to take out its tin and its hardwoods, and do nothing for its people. Six miles of railway were built in all Laos.

In March 1946 when French colonialists returned to force the young revolutionary government out of the capital, Luangprabang, tens of thousands of civilians were machine-gunned crossing the Mekong River. They were shot down by airplanes overhead. In those days, Mr. Dulles said nothing about aggression.

The men who misrule America have multiple calculations and ambitions in Indo-China. They want France to continue fighting and to contribute more of its manpower, for this serves to vassalize France to a reactionary Germany in western Europe. At the same time, they want France to make room for American Big Business and especially for Japanese businessmen who may otherwise be forced into large-scale trade with people's China.

The men who misrule America fear that the anti-feudal, anti-imperialist revolution which is slowly winning in Viet-Nam, Laos and Khmer [Cambodia] will have repercussions in Burma, Malaya and Thailand. And this fear has a certain basis, for conditions in these countries are equally outmoded, and the Lao people have a special importance since they are kin of their neighbors. The Pentagon and the State Department also view Viet-Nam as a potential base against people's China.

This war has cost France a billion dollars a year, altogether more than what France received in the Marshall Plan. And it now takes 35-40 percent of the deficit budget. Two hundred and fifty thousand lives have been wasted here—including a whole "European Army" composed of the riffraff of different nationalities in the Foreign Legion. One-quarter of France's officer corps, and 42 percent of her non-coms are tied down and are being destroyed in Viet-Nam.

To increase the shipment of guns and planes may prolong this war, but it does not answer France's key problem, which is manpower. To increase Bao Dai's army to 54 battalions, or a quarter of a million men, and to staff it with US officers will not spare Bao Dai the fate of Chiang Kai-shek. The Vietnamese will go over to Ho Chi Minh's side, bringing their arms with them.

The course of this war is determined by something fundamental. The old, outworn, feudal and imperialist structure is in decomposition, and arms cannot prevent its burial. Agriculture needs to be modernized, for the people will not continue to tolerate slow starvation caused by the present landholding system. They want economic development, instead of allowing their raw materials to be sucked out by foreign companies who coin maximum profits but make no investment to Viet-Nam's benefit. They want democracy, instead of police regimes. And they want peace, after so many generations of plunderous wars on their soil. To achieve this, they want "Doc Lap"—which means independence.

Revival of an old folk art

PUPPET DRAMA IN FUKIEN

H. C. Huang

PUPPET drama has always been very popular among the people of south Fukien province, especially in the rural areas, where it never failed to create a sensation among the villagers. Every festival day, the puppet drama gaily went the rounds from place to place, to be warmly greeted wherever it went.

Less expensive than other forms of drama, and more easily understood by the unlettered people, its schedule was often arranged fully a month in advance.

The Kuomintang branded this form of entertainment "vulgar," and treated it with contempt, with the result that young intellectuals were ashamed to be seen enjoying this people's art in company with the hoi polloi. Left to itself, it fell into a state of negligence and decay, and in time degenerated into "Mow Lien Drama", catering to the lowest tastes of the multitude.

"Mow Lien" is a superstitious drama based on the tale of a monk, who saved the soul of his sinful and vicious mother by personally descending to hell. Throughout the whole drama, the endless tortures of purgatory were portrayed, and animal-headed monsters and demons terrorized the minds of children, frightening them into submission to their "fate."

"Mow Lien" was usually demanded by the spectators, although the troupe was capable of playing dramas, such as "Three Kingdoms" and other historical plays.

Puppet drama first made its appearance during the T'ang and Sung dynasties, that is, between the year 618 and 1279. But there persists a traditional legend, handed down by professional puppet dramatists, that the drama came to its most glorious flowering during the famous campaign (202 B.C. — 220 A.D.) when the Han emperor was besieged by the Huns in Hopei province, and held seven days without food.

At this critical point, one of his generals suggested moving some puppet beauties about the battlements, giving the appearance of pretty girls in the besieged city.

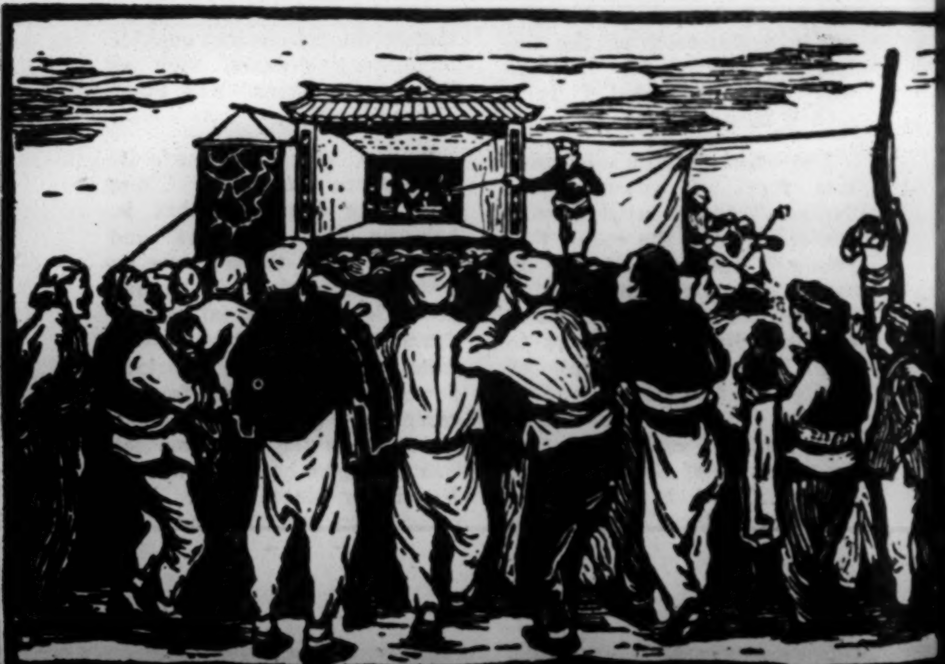
The sight of these "girls" aroused the jealousy of the Hun empress, a very able woman, who forced her husband to withdraw his troops and make peace. All this is no more than an interesting but unreliable legend.

ONE variety of puppet drama, the Chuanchow, has human puppets and also animal ones—dragon, phoenix, tiger, panther, snake, dog, horse and cow. The "humans" are about three feet tall, and all exactly the same, except for the heads and costumes, which are changed on the body, as needed.

The heads, representing various personages, are painted, and fitted with the appropriate hirsute adornments. The costumes vary from the simplest clothes of a common man to the full panoply of a general, with all the necessary accessories such as whips, pen, glass, winepot, and so forth.

The head and extremities of the puppet are carved of wood, and the body is of bamboo padded with cotton. The index and the middle finger and

A show in a village—*by Shih Lo.*



the chin are movable; sometimes the eyeballs can roll in their sockets, the eyes open and close, and a particular few can even stick out their tongues.

The puppets can imitate most human movements, even to parrying a sword, unsheathing a dagger, writing with a pen and mounting a horse. All these movements are controlled by the manipulation of the black silk lines, numbering 13 to 18, which are attached to various parts of the body.

The diminutive stage is about five by 10 feet, with painted scenery. Each puppet has its own manipulator, who stands behind the stage, and must be able to sing, and to imitate male or female voices. Besides these manipulators, the troupe consists of the musicians and a staff to decorate, transport and prepare the puppets.

SACKCLOTH drama, so called because the costume is like a sack for the hand of the manipulator to fit in, is a much simpler form. The doll in this case is about a foot high, and eight inches from finger-tip to finger-tip. Its head is smaller than an egg; and its hands are stitched to the sleeves, while the legs are stuffed cloth stitched to the inside of the middle of the costume, so that the feet hang dangling below.

At the performance, the puppetteer puts his fingers in the head and the arms of the puppet, to move it about the four by five foot stage. These figureheads can carry out a dramatic fighting scene, and often gasp for breath after a scene of heated scuffle.

The puppetteer is concealed behind a piece of cloth; each of his hands manipulates a figurehead, and he must be able to speak for two persons, sometimes one man and one woman, or a young man and an old man. His feet must stamp the floor, or strike the drum or gong. His job is really tough in the summer, for he cannot pause even to wipe the sweat from his forehead.

Stories for the puppet drama are sometimes very long, lasting as long as 60 hours over a period of 10 days. The "Mow Lien Drama" was one of these.

In recent years, the Fukien puppet drama has acquired new life and vigor by adopting modern stories. Instead of being scorned the puppetteers are helped by the government and treated with great respect by all. A color film has been taken of the puppets to show throughout the country.

This people's art, so long neglected and despised, is experiencing a renaissance, and will flourish as never before.

1,200 years ago Chinese poets spoke for peace

The Poets of T'ang

Rewi Alley

ONE of the greatest dynasties in Chinese history was that of T'ang which united the empire between the years A.D. 618-907 into a vast, powerful country, the most united and the most advanced in the whole world of that period.

In this era there emerged some of the greatest literati that mankind has yet produced. Poetry was then the chief medium for cultural expression and through the lines of the poets of T'ang breathes a love of humanity, of the beauties of nature, and of peace, that no other group of poets has at any time surpassed.

Toward the end of the T'ang period the centralized bureaucracy of the court became more and more corrupt, there were civil wars and a great peasant rebellion. There were useless military adventures and much poetry became open protest at the sufferings the people were forced to endure.

In the Chinese tradition the writing of poetry gives evidence of true understanding and in the past it was often the poet who was the trusted official. The ancients felt that what was most needed in an administrator was an appreciation of human values, the relation of one human being to another and the relation of all humans to nature.

So, through the ages, many of the top-ranking people have written poetry. Chien Lung (A.D. 1736-1796), the most able emperor of the last Chinese imperial dynasty, the Manchu one of Ching, wrote tens of thousands of poems.

One has not heard of any poetry being written by an Eisenhower, a MacArthur or a Harry Truman, to mention but a few of the men of influence of our day, but Mao Tse-tung has written very excellent and penetrating lines, while collections of the works of Kuo Mo-jo include much poetry.

Before a man could get an official appointment in the T'ang days, he had to pass a civil service examination in which an ability to write poetry was a requirement. So in that period many millions of poems must have been written.

In today's collection, however, there are not much more than 50,000 left to use for research, though there is the strong possibility that still more will be found. Archeological research such as that carried on at the Tunhuang Caves in Chinese Central Asia has already uncovered new manuscripts of the T'ang period.

A good deal of T'ang poetry has, during the past few decades, been translated into other languages and no doubt many more translations will be made as people become more and more conscious of the splendid heritage left to them.

In the time of Tu Fu, the greatest of the T'ang poets, Ch'ang-an was the capital. This is modern Sian, in Shensi province, on the Lunghai Railway. Loyang was then called the "Eastern Capital" for it had been the seat of many imperial courts of the past. Tu Fu came from his country village first to Loyang and from there went on to Ch'ang-an, where he met an older poet who was already well-known, Li Tai-pai. Their friendship lasted through the rest of their lives, an intimate and warm one that evidently meant much to both.

Tu Fu believed in the people and merged himself with them, getting some post and then leaving it to wander amongst the villages and the mountains, then coming back again to the court to write against military levies, against adventuristic aggressive war, against the evils he could see and which he felt so keenly. He went through famine and war and once was taken prisoner by an opposing army. He saw his children go hungry and one die of starvation. He made his living for a time as a woodcutter. He wrote with tenderness and understanding, with an insight into men and motives that few could parallel. He believed in

---

REWI ALLEY has spent more than 25 years in China. A New Zealander, he came to China as a young man shortly after the end of the first world war and has lived and worked here almost continuously ever since. For the past several years he has been headmaster of the Sandan Industrial Training School. This is a chapter from his forthcoming book, "Stories Out of China."

---

the importance of the human personality, in simplicity. He hated corrupt courts and imperial fools.

He lived for many years with his friend Li Tai-pai and the two poets often addressed verses to each other. His official appointments were never easily come by for, naturally, his ideas would hardly endear him to the bureaucrats of his day. He was made Imperial Censor at one stage but remonstrated with the emperor too strongly and was dismissed.

For many years he lived in his straw hut in Szechuen and it was in that province that he finally died. He had been cut off by floods and was in a starving condition when rescued and brought to the home of a friendly official who set a feast before him. His stomach could not take the rich food and he became ill and died of its effects. He was then 59 years old.

Tu Fu's influence on the poets who followed him was great. It is said of the poems of his friend Li Tai-pai that they were like spring flowers while Tu Fu's were like the pine trees—eternal, fearing no winter.

The T'ang empire at its height extended from Siberia to the Himalayas and from Korea across to the Caspian Sea. Japanese civilization copied much from the T'angs in clothing, written language and customs. Up and down the Old Silk Road that ran west came and went ideas as well as merchandise. In the Ch'ang-an of that day there was great intellectual stimulation and Tu Fu, the thoughtful country lad, got much from his association with the sparkling Li Tai-pai.

In spite of their enforced separation they managed to see each other at times in later years and after one such occasion Tu Fu wrote chiding his friend gently yet quite directly, in the following manner:—

So we have met this autumn
and do I find you still
carried away by any wind that blows
like thistledown at will;
playing with alchemy
and ashamed with lack
of results; drinking heavily
and bursting into song; so
do you pass too much time
emptily; your enthusiasm
so infectious, energy keen,

leaving me wondering
for just what
are you being so heroic?

The T'ang poets were greatly influenced by Ch'u Yuan, the poet statesman of the period of the Warring Kingdoms (403-221 B.C.) who drowned himself in the waters of the Milo River near the Tungting Lake in Hunan. Li Tai-pai is said to have met his death in a similar way, throwing himself at a reflection of the moon in the waters.

Ch'u Yuan was an example for the true poet to follow, an example of complete integrity, of scorn for position and place if such was not in accord with what he believed to be right. Poets who used their art to become adept flatterers passed their days in leisure, power and affluence, as have such people in every age, in every place.

The followers of Ch'u Yuan, as were both Tu Fu and Li Tai-pai, put up with destitution and beggary and kept their spirits pure and creative. Of Ch'u Yuan, Tu Fu wrote in verse to Li Tai-pai:—

Cold blows the wind
across the heavens; and you,
old friend, of what do you
think? I ask the wild geese
and they do not tell me;
rivers and lakes are swollen
with the rains . . .
a poet should beware
of riches; yet is always prey
to demons of his own imagining
in loneliness; so ask the unhappy spirit
of Ch'u Yuan and offer him
an incense of poems
where he met his end
in Milo River.

The greatness of Tu Fu is seen in the way he can identify himself with the people amongst whom he lives—their sickness his, their suffering his also—facing the denials that come to the cold and the hungry. When he is ill and neglected, he can write so that the reader will see all the ill and neglected through his eyes.

Little wonder that so sensitive a soul would reach out and look for friendship with a Li Tai-pai, the impetuous, who preserved the spirit of youth, a part of nature rather than an observer saying how beautiful it all was. A Li Tai-pai who could write lines that most youth of ours or any time would appreciate:—

Summer
and by the green woods
naked I lie, in rest
complete; looking at my hat
hanging on a rock; the sweet wind
sighing through the pine trees
caressing me.

No wonder Tu Fu forgave him his wildness and loved him, knowing him at heart to be true to the spirit of Ch'u Yuan, and indeed, Li Tai-pai himself wrote:—

I have written my poem and
am filled with immense joy
knowing that such poetry will live
as the songs of Ch'u Yuan have lived
while all the glory of the kings
of his day is gone and forgotten.

Following after Tu Fu and Li Tai-pai came another great poet of T'ang, Pai Chu-i, who was a very good practical administrator and also one who wrote good poetry at a very early age and kept it up to the end of his life, some of it very scathing on the political ills of his day.

It is said that Pai Chu-i made a habit of reading his poems to his old housekeeper and only if she understood them would he use them. His poems are noted for their directness and lack of affectation and are relatively easy to translate into other languages. He was always proud when the common people on the farms around him sang his verses or when, on travelling, he saw them written on the walls of inns. Once he even saw a man with some of the lines tattooed on his skin.

He loved children and he felt distinctly uncomfortable when he saw denied to so many others the ordinary needs with which he himself was well provided, although he was not at any time in the category of a "rich official." Pai Chu-i had, like Tu Fu, a well-known poet for his friend, the scholar-official Yang Chen.

Of the host of other poets of the day, many of their names, even, have been lost. Of the most famous, Tu Fu, Li Tai-pai and Pai Chu-i, many of their poems did not survive even in their own lifetime. Li Tai-pai, for instance, enjoyed putting a torch to the paper on which a poem was written, laughing as he threw it into the river and watched it drift down burning.

Tu Fu died in A.D. 769, leaving some 60 volumes of his works. In A.D. 1039, two hundred and seventy years after his death, was published the collection which is still the most commonly known one, though this contains only some fourteen hundred of his poems.

The keynote of all T'ang poetry, the great message of that age of poetry, is peace. The poets all breathe a hatred for pure destruction and a warm enthusiasm for the beautiful in life and in all nature that comes down through the centuries as fresh and real as when it was first expressed.

The creative genius of that time was often cramped, as in succeeding dynasties, by the official bureaucracy; this is suggested in the following poem by Pai Chu-i:—

> From distant Annam there came a gift,
> a scarlet parrot with colored plumage
> like peach blossom; so clever that
> it could speak like men;
> and as with clever men
> they put it in a cage
> where it sits wondering
> when it shall taste of life again.

Tu Fu broke from the cage, and bruised his wings, yet his voice never remained silent. Putting down what he saw in times of war and in times of peace he left us pictures of the state of things as seen by the plain people of his day; for instance, this scene of famine:—

> With a world in confusion
> and the black-haired people
> trying to sustain themselves
> from husks, eating with
> no joy in the eating, the most
> wretched of foods; while
> from the kitchens of the rich
> comes the reek of cooking meats;
> and out on the battlefield
> of life, the bones of the poor
> bleach white.

Appreciation of human values has shown through Chinese writing since its inception. Mo-tse, Ch'u Yuan and many another living long before the Christian era, renouncing high position, some dying in exile and poverty; Li Tai-pai, the brilliant, seeking refuge in drunkenness, Pai Chu-i accepting banishment for his outspoken criticisms, Tu Fu choosing the life of the poor—none of these liked to see denial and deprivation when they knew in their hearts that life could have been so much fuller for their people.

They spent their own lives in battle against the corrupt practices of their governments, desperate with the frustrations of their official surroundings and unable to reconcile themselves or, in their time, to find a solution. They were the stuff of which, in later days, revolutionaries were made.

In the past few decades, translators and biographers have sought to render into English these poets' appreciation of beauty and their affection for their friends, but have dismissed the social side of their writings feeling that such was "political" and that poets ought not to be so. A mistake, of course, for a poet of feeling must inevitably be political if he writes of men and what they do; and the keystone of the character of each of these poets of T'ang, as of Mo-tse and Ch'u Yuan and many another giant of Chinese culture, has been his love for mankind.

GRASS—by Pai Chu-i

The grass grows tall and green
yet each year it withers and dies away
only to come again in the spring; even
burn it and still it cannot be destroyed, for
the spring wind will bring it in fresh again.

Its sweetness lies over
an ancient road where pomp
once strutted; its verdure
hides the ruin of the city
torn by war; waving in the breeze
it bows out so definitely the princes
and the bygone generals; and luxuriantly
awaits the people, so certain to return.

Translated by Rewi Alley

HOW THE FARMERS WON

Victory Over Famine

SHIRLEY RAY WOOD

ON the night of April 11, Honan province on the North China plains was struck with a black frost. This in some districts followed a summer hail and a November blizzard.

Because most of the districts in Honan had only just completed land reform, the farmers had not had much experience in mutual help and cooperative work as means of overcoming difficulties. Some members of cooperatives and mutual-aid teams, obsessed with their own family cares, began neglecting—some even discontinued—work on team projects.

There was much talk of selling farm tools and animals to tide over the summer, and some—conditioned throughout their lives to the "inevitability" of periodic disaster — began to lose the new confidence of the past few years, attributing the disaster to fate and maintaining that there was no help for it.

Famine is an old story in Honan, and the farmers realized most acutely the seriousness of the situation. The traditional "spring famine" had been that dreadful time when landlord and tax collector had taken more than half the crop, and the remainder was almost consumed.

As men and animals needed their strength for the heavy spring field work, every grain was saved for them while the women and children lived on grass and bark of the Yi tree until the summer harvest was in. If the summer harvest failed....

THIS year, when the extent of the natural disaster became known, government and Party organizations went into emergency session, and the government issued instructions that every effort be made to save the wheat. The Department of Agriculture published an article in the *Honan Daily* explaining how lightly frosted wheat could be restored by early irrigation and application of extra fertilizers.

Government workers of all levels were organized to conduct an all-round "battle" against "pessimism and hopelessness" whenever and wher-

Threshing wheat in a village in Hopei province.

ever such attitudes cropped up among the more conservative and backward peasants.

Top priority was given to investigation and publicity work. Government workers were sent out to help the people organize and plan an attack upon the impending calamity. "Self-help" was the watchword, while realistic slogans denoted the main lines of attack: Save all wheat that can be saved, immediately reseed the hopeless fields with early-ripening crops.

Conserve grain; eat more vegetables and edible wild crops. Organize subsidiary production activities. Don't sell tools or draught animals, for long-term agricultural production difficulties will result. Maintain price levels and protect the livelihood of workers, miners and the stricken farmers.

Favorable conditions for victory over the disaster were emphasized. This was the people's era and China was united under the leadership of the people's government. Other provinces would come to the aid of Honan. Several consecutive years of bumper harvest had prepared many farmers for famine; for those truly in difficulty the government had the ability to provide relief.

Scientific investigation revealed that the damage was actually only partial and that hard work could ensure a worthwhile harvest, while full summer and fall harvests could be expected if spring and summer planting were carried out on time.

Many of the farmers, however, were despondent. Even some government workers tended to become infected with the same despair once they came in contact with this wall of resistance.

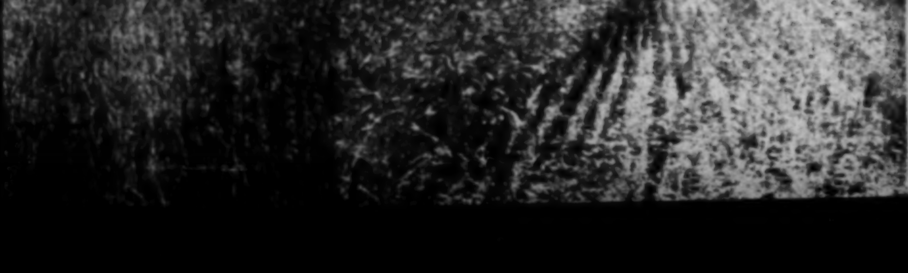
At a Nanyang county meeting of local government workers, Chairman Chu Pao an pointed out, "Some people say we have created this disaster because we do not believe in the gods. We must patiently explain. In 1919 and again in 1932 we did not talk of resisting drought and catching insects. We did not speak of fighting heavenly disasters. All day everyone burned incense and bowed to the spirits, so why were the harvests so very bad?"

At another meeting of government workers one of the speakers argued, "During eight years of the Japanese War we led the people to fight natural disasters and a foreign enemy at the same time. Now we can concentrate all our strength on the natural enemy. What are we afraid of?"

The work of Nieh Wu-kao of the Loyang county Communist Party committee was typical of the way in which the government workers mobilized the people. On April 16 he went into the country to explain to the farmers of one village the value of irrigating the wheat. Since many would not believe that this would save the crop, he himself carried water to irrigate a piece of wheatland.

The next morning, although the wheat looked the same, the stalks felt fresh and damp, unlike the other stalks, which were dry and brittle. This was enough to mobilize most of the villagers, although

A bumper wheat harvest on the farm of the Peking Mechanized Farming School, which applied the Soviet method of close planting with great success.



some of the doubters were still unconvinced. However, led by the more active members, the peasants took up their buckets and started for the fields.

Toward mid-day Nieh noticed that the Han brothers, whom he was helping, were beginning to slow down. The land was so very dry and two large buckets—one round trip for water—covered so little of it. Nieh suddenly asked the older Han, "If the wheat revived on all the land you watered this morning, how large a crop would you harvest?"

Han thought a while. "If the wheat grows, 7-8 *sheng* would be a moderate harvest."

Nieh pointed out, "If you worked even harder, you could water enough land in a day to harvest nearly two pecks of wheat. If you desert the wheat, you won't get that much grain for any other work you can do. Even the most profitable business can't guarantee a peck of grain a day, or even half a peck."

At lunch Nieh called a village meeting to reckon the score again. Then he led them to re-examine the plot of land he had watered the evening before. It now showed definite improvement. The village was convinced. The farmers organized their forces to water all the wheatland.

THE STATE Trading Company and the General Goods Store were busy too. Both sent government workers into nearby Shantung and Shansi provinces to buy additional stocks of seeds for early-ripening crops to reseed destroyed fields.

State banks and cooperatives released quantities of relief money for the stricken farmers to buy food stocks. Low-interest loans were made for buying seeds, even drawing on funds earmarked earlier for summer planting loans.

IN the face of this concerted popular effort, a few "rugged individualists," still thinking in terms of the old days when Chiang ruled China, saw the calamity as a chance to clean up, and in several towns farmers coming in for beans, as subsidiary food stocks, could find none, or some only at an increased price. One private merchant had come from as far as Hankow to buy up food stocks and another had been doing the same with the aid of an employee of the General Goods Store.

As such cases came to light the people demanded punishment in no uncertain terms, and the courts followed up with swift action. Return of stocks and heavy fines quickly put an end to such speculation.

Students, workers and town dwellers from all over Honan as well as other provinces sent letters of encouragement to the farmers.

With the letters came relief contributions. An opera company in Kaifeng gave a three-day benefit performance. At the same time stocks of grain began moving into Honan from Szechuen and the southwest provinces.

On April 19 a short report from the town of Huikuo was given front-page headlines. The town had called street meetings to discuss means of comforting the farmers. At the meetings, old farmers who had passed through such a frost before spoke up. They had seen the frosted fields give a 70-80 percent harvest.

Old Li Yun said he had seen such badly frosted wheat send up new shoots, while another farmer said that after such a frost, 31 years ago, those who had plows turned under the wheat, while those without could do nothing. Several days later the wheat that had been left sent up new shoots and gave a decent harvest.

On April 21 the Department of Agriculture published its study of withered specimens sent from different parts of the province. It had found new shoot buds on two specimens; on the rest there was nothing. Microscopic examination, however, showed that badly withered wheat could send out new shoots from the root.

On April 22 the Nanyang and Hsuchong State Farms published reports. Nanyang had irrigated a plot of wheatland before the frost; this had suffered no damage although all un-watered plots were damaged. Study of withered wheat showed that frost damage was due to dehydration, and the wheat revived rapidly with irrigation.

Hsuchong had the same story. Wheatland watered first showed a higher percentage of recovery, while the degree of recovery was directly related to the lushness of growth prior to the frost.

Reports from the countryside came in faster. Every day the front page of the *Honan Daily* carried reports with the same story. Those farmers who had followed to the letter early government directives on irrigation and manuring of wheatland had suffered no frost damage. On April 25 the Agriculture Department published a report from Potou village in Ichuen county. The severely frosted wheat had sent out new shoots which grew very quickly. A harvest was assured.

With the wheat recovering the government's call changed. Locusts were coming out, and the farmers were urged to organize a drive on the insects so as to protect their hard-won victory. On April 26, 27 and 28 rains fell in most of the province. The spring harvest was saved.

LIBERATION BRINGS A NEW DEAL TO—

TUNG CHUAN MINES

YU SHIANG-SHEN

YUNNAN is rich in natural resources; among these are extensive deposits of copper scattered over the broad expanse of the plateau and mountain ranges in the northeast of the province, a district known as the Tung Chuan mining area.

In former days, this great wealth brought no happiness to the local people, but only cruelly bitter labor.

Jen Min Wa—People-Killing Pit--was so named because 800 workers were buried here in one cave-in. This was but one of a series of catastrophies.

During the Anti-Japanese War, the Kuomintang government established what it called the North Yunnan Mining Bureau, which only served to increase the sufferings of the local miners, whose earnings for one day would not buy a liter of grain.

Old miner Tang Shen-shiang tells how, when the time came to receive his monthly pay, he found that nearly one-third of his wages had been deducted without reason or explanation by the bureaucrats. He did not dare to protest the deductions, since that would have meant questioning the behavior of an official, and would have got him a beating, or at best a severe dressing-down, and might have even cost him his job.

Starvation, wretched toil, and a premature death—such were the only certainties of life for the miners under the Kuomintang.

BUT times have changed since the liberation of Yunnan.

In April 1950, the Kunming Military Control Commission sent government workers to this district to take over the office and to inspect the whole copper-mining area. Since then, there have been so many fundamental changes that the expression "the workers have become masters" today has real meaning for the Tung Chuan miners.

Although the five-star red flag meant a new life for the people, changes could come but gradually. There were severe problems, among them unemployment and a shortage of food. Hui Tse district, the center of the mining area, has never been a food-producing region. However, food has been brought in, and the miners now eat pork and rice, instead of grass, the diet to which they were not infrequently reduced in times gone by.

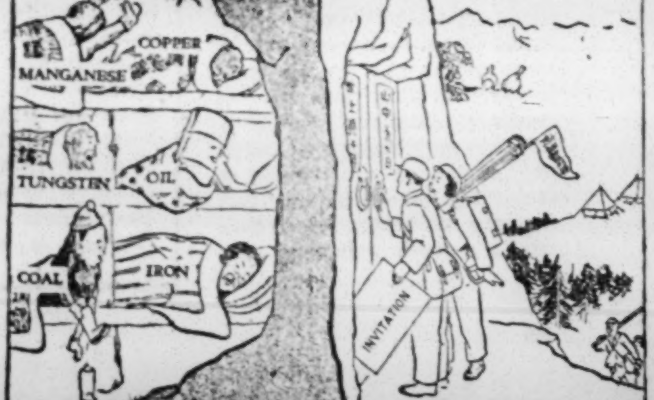
Transportation across Yunnan's mountains has always been a problem. Upon one occasion, it took several hundred workers 40 days to transport a piece of machinery weighing less than four tons to the mining area.

A highway leading to the district was started in 1951. The total length of this road is only 125 miles, but it required two years to construct. The difficulty lay in the fact that half of the highway had to be hewed from the faces of perpendicular cliffs. Now trucks fully loaded with modern industrial equipment make regular trips to the mines in order to meet the ever-increasing needs.

As geological prospecting is an essential prerequisite for large-scale excavation work, the government assigned a prospecting team to the area in 1952. Drilling operations, under the guidance of the newly-arrived technicians, are now in full swing, and the transport workers are working overtime to bring in more new drilling machines with high working efficiency.

During the first few months of this year, exploration work has been greatly accelerated. Groups of geologists, engineers, architects, mechanics, electricians and medical personnel from all the leading centers of the country are hard at work. Along the highways and mountain paths, even on the summits of the mountains themselves, one sees the small flags designating the location of a survey team.

Construction of power plants has been partially completed. These plants supply motive power, and also light; for the first time in their lives the inhabitants of the mountainous region have electricity. Brick buildings have made their appearance. New mines, equipped



with modern machinery, are being opened, blocks of workers' quarters are being built, and the unemployment problem is rapidly being solved.

IN view of the fact that Tung Chuan's copper reserve is practically inexhaustible and of superior quality, the forthcoming electrification of China, one of the necessary requisites in the realization of industrialization, is ensured. By using the latest Soviet methods, including the complete mechanization and automatization of all production processes, it is estimated that production may finally reach an annual figure running into the tens of thousands of tons. On this basis, it is expected that the Tung Chuan copper mining area, the largest in China, will become an industrial center employing some 200,000 workers.

The past spring saw increasing numbers of technicians and government workers from various parts of the country flocking to this mining area. The number of the working personnel is twice that of last year. At present, large-scale preparations are under way to increase the work of excavation. Despite the difficulties that may emerge, the mining personnel are confident that they will transform this desolate mountainous region into a modern industrial center.

HUNTING FOR

TIEN PING-SHAN worked as an apprentice salesman in a drygoods store. In 1950 he attended the South Anhwei Cadres' School, after which he joined a geological prospecting team.

NATIONAL economic construction requires geologists, so although prospecting for natural resources was something entirely new to me, I quickly accepted a post in this field when it was offered. My first trip to the mountains in search of ore reserves was filled with the experiences of every novice. My topographical charts had to be corrected again and again. I didn't know one ore from another and often mistook hornblende for iron ore and bronze mica for gold.

Our team leader gave us constant encouragement. We studied and worked hard and helped each other, and gradually learned the secret of reading the rocks.

Along with Professor Hsiao Nan-shen and four students from the Department of Geology, Nanking University, I went last August on a trip in quest of ores in the Tapieh Mountains.

When it was my turn to

ORES IN THE MOUNTAINS

lead the team, I was nervous, but tried to note carefully the road traveled, and the inclines and dip angles of the rock veins. When I reported, and produced the specimens I had collected, I was delighted when the professor said that my work was well-done, but a rock vein I had marked as N. by W. should really have been 30 degrees N. by E. Besides, I had mistaken diorite for granite.

THE local people stared at us with some curiosity, wondering what we were about. When we told them, their faces lit up, and one old peasant said, "How thoughtful our government is! We have been given land. A reservoir is being built for us. And now comes a prospecting team. Everything is for the good of us people."

The people were eager to offer us hospitality and help.

One militiaman in Hsiaotien District on seeing the specimen of hematite we had brought along, hurried a mile out of his way to bring us pieces of rock and asked us eagerly, "Is this the same?" On many other occasions the people brought us samples, or led us to likely spots.

One day, Ah Chang found a sample of malachite. Upon examination, we were sure that this was a valuable lode of copper ore. We shouted in excitement, and the rest of the team came running up. We concentrated on the area, and soon another report came in. "A vein 15 degrees N. by E!" Four veins were found, and our shouts of triumph echoed through the hills.

We sang and danced. That evening we eagerly discussed the prospects of the find. Certainly a mining district would be established there! Some suggested the building of a railway to connect it with the Peking-Hankow Railroad; others proposed a light railway leading to the Yangtse. Full of ideas, we even designed a club house, installed blast furnaces, and located where the workshops and living quarters were to be.

We finished our work of prospecting in the Tapieh Mountains, with success that we feel we owe to our close unity and cooperation. We are ready for another assignment, and are all prepared to work even harder and do better this time to play our part in building our country.

— *TIEN PING-SHAN*

EMBARGO FAILS TO CRIPPLE EAST

THE NEW WORLD MARKET

JOHN CARTER

POST-WAR history has seen few more spectacular and significant failures than that of the attempt by the US, Britain and France to impose an economic blockade on the Soviet Union, China and the people's democracies. As Stalin pointed out, the effect has been "not to strangle, but to strengthen the new world market." In fact, the new world market has been strengthened to such an extent that Stalin was able to predict with confidence that, in view of the present tempo of industrial development in the Soviet Union, China and the people's democracies, "it will soon come to pass that these countries will not only be in no need of imports from capitalist countries, but will themselves feel the necessity of finding an outside market for their surplus products."

There are, of course, countless facets to this crucial question of the new world market, a decisive factor in present international relations, but the aim here is to concentrate on only one of them—the economic relations that have developed between the new China on the one hand and the people's democracies on the other.

Since 1950 these constantly expanding trade relations have supplemented key Sino-Soviet and Soviet-East European economic cooperation and have been of tremendous importance to the plans of all the people's democracies, and the remarkable progress made by China since the establishment of the Central People's Government in October 1949.

If one thing above all others serves to underline the fiasco of the Western embargo it is the fact that large-scale economic construction has begun in China and that, in the words of Chen Yun, "mammoth, complex modern enterprises of key significance to China's industrialization will be built one after another from now on." This clearly portends future Sino-East European trade exchanges on a scale that will by comparison dwarf even the present all-time record volume of commerce taking place between the people's democracies and China.

Already China's foreign trade has exceeded the highest pre-war volume, and the Soviet Union and the people's democracies account for the largest share of it—something like 70 percent last year compared with 26 percent in 1950 and 61 percent in 1951. At the present time Soviet long-term credits are making it possible for China to import over two-thirds more industrial equipment and machinery each year from the U.S.S.R. alone than she was importing from all the capitalist countries before the Second World War.

In 1951, for the first time in more than 70 years, China recorded a favorable balance of trade with exports exceeding imports by more than nine percent. Moreover, the entire former pattern of China's foreign trade based on semi-colonial dependence on imperialist countries has been completely transformed through what Stalin described as the chief characteristic of the new world market—"a sincere desire to help one another and to promote the economic progress of all."

WITH the Soviet Union, the people's democracies are now China's best customers for a number of traditional exports, such as tea and silk. The important silk and tea producing area of East China, for instance, sends about 80 percent of its raw and processed silk output to these markets and 70 percent of its tea as well as large quantities of meat, eggs, oil, sausage casings, fruit and feathers.

Chinese handicrafts and a score of other special local products — peppermint, lacquer, wax, ginger — are now selling in East European markets for the first time. Last year, China began exporting tobacco to Eastern Europe and regular shipments have followed ever since. The value of tobacco imported into China from the US between 1905 and 1949 has been estimated at US$830,000,000.

China's huge northwestern province, Sinkiang, is also sharing in trade with the people's democracies and is exchanging wool, sheepskins and hides for equipment needed in the vast program of making the Northwest one of the great industrial bases of China.

JOHN CARTER, an English newspaperman, is a specialist in economic affairs. In view of the current interest in East-West trade, the Review asked Mr. Carter to write the accompanying article, which surveys new China's trade relations with Eastern Europe.

The importance of trade with China to the people's democracies and the advantages that China enjoys through access to expanding markets and growing sources of industrial supplies can best be seen by considering the bilateral exchanges that are taking place.

UNDOUBTEDLY because of the great advantage she enjoyed with a merchant shipping service trading to China ports, Poland was first among the Eastern European nations to enter into trade relations with the new China. Under the agreement her exports to China included mining machinery, rolling stock and railway equipment, textiles, steel products and chemicals.

By the end of 1950 deliveries were being made on an increasing scale and in October a Polish vessel arrived at Tientsin with a cargo which included in addition to Polish goods, automobiles and machinery from Czechoslovakia. Sugar was also an important Chinese import from Poland and by early 1951 shipments had made possible a 40 percent reduction in the retail price in China.

In 1951, Sino-Polish trade was six times the 1950 volume and many times larger than the peak pre-war figures. Further expansion is foreseen in the latest agreement signed between the two countries last July. Under it China will exchange ore, asbestos, graphite, textile raw materials, hides, grain and agricultural products, tobacco and tea for Polish rolling stock, machinery, metals, chemicals and paper.

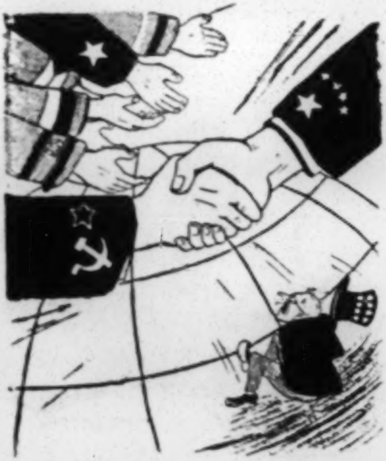
IT was clear from the outset that Czechoslovak heavy industry would play an important complementary role to plans for the industrialization of China. In turn China's raw materials early began to meet some of Czechoslovakia's most urgent requirements. Under the 1950 agreement Czechoslovakia's principal imports were vegetable oils and other raw materials. Deliveries from China, together with supplies from the Soviet Union and the other people's democracies, have since been adequate for the production of artificial fats in Czechoslovakia.

Other imports from China included wolfram, lead, mercury, silk and bristles. The bulk of exports to China consisted of heavy engineering goods, precision instruments and cars and trucks. The exchange of goods between the two countries began immediately and within a few days of the signing of the agreement, ships had left Poland and China. Even though sea transport between Stettin and Tientsin takes some two and a half months, the exchange of goods had been fully developed by the end of 1950.

In May, 1951, China participated in the Prague Fair, and following the discussions which then took place between the Chinese delegation and Czechoslovak trade officials it was announced that Sino-Czechoslovak trade was to increase fourfold compared with 1950. A month later Chen Yun, Chairman of the Committee of Financial and Economic Affairs of the Central People's Government of China, was able to tell a Czechoslovak correspondent in Peking that Sino-Czechoslovak economic cooperation was effectively countering America's blockade. Notable developments in the 1951 agreement were prices fixed independently of those ruling in the world market and provision for Czechoslovakia to deliver to China steel plants and iron foundries.

The third Sino-Czechoslovak agreement for the exchange of goods was signed in Prague in July, 1952, and machine tools and factory equipment were included in the list of scheduled Czechoslovak exports. China will continue to supply key raw materials for heavy and light industry, reflecting the constantly rising output of ores and metal concentrates and vegetable oils.

AS PREMIER GROTEWOHL pointed out when referring to the signing of the first Sino-German trade agreement, commercial relations between the two countries "have, for the German people, importance far beyond the frontiers of the German Democratic Republic." He explained: "Broad sections of West German businessmen see in the close friendship of the GDR with People's China bases and possibilities for the increase and expansion of all German foreign trade with China. This fact is of great significance for relations between Eastern and Western Germany. It raises the authority of the GDR in Western Germany and contributes essentially to the bringing together of Germans from the east and west in their struggle for



the creation of a united, independent, peace-loving and democratic Germany."

Sino-German trade exchanges are now greater than the record pre-war volume of trade between China and a united Germany. As long ago as the beginning of 1951 it was reported that heavy machine tools comprised one-half of the German Democratic Republic's exports to China. Production in the GDR has expanded since then and machine tools, needed to supplement the products of China's own growing machine tool industry, will undoubtedly continue to occupy an important place in GDR exports to China.

Mining machinery, precision instruments and textile equipment, all outstanding products of German industry, are also aiding China's industrialization. Under recent agreement a complete sugar factory for China is being built in the GDR for delivery before the end of 1953.

Among products of light industry being exported to China one of the most interesting is a Chinese typewriter with over 2,500 characters on each of three keyboards. It is made by the nationalized "Optima" factory near Erfurt and is superior to the Japanese model hitherto the most widely used in China.

APART from raw materials, Hungary has been sending a wide range of the products of her heavy industry to China—tractors and other agricultural machinery, power-driven pumps, heavy electrical equipment, chemicals and machine tools. Trade between the two countries is on a far greater scale than ever before and virtually everything that Hungary is producing in growing volume for export is finding a market in China in return for traditional Chinese exports.

Hungary's exhibits at the Bombay and Karachi fairs early last year and at the Leipzig Fair in September made it clear that the extent to which she can contribute to the carrying out of China's gigantic development projects could scarcely

have been imagined a decade ago.

Indicative of the astonishing progress that the people's democracies have made within the framework of the Council for Mutual Economic Aid is the fact that industrial products are among the goods now being sent to China by two countries that were formerly among the most backward in Europe, Rumania and Bulgaria. Rumania's exports include industrial equipment, electrical products, oil products and chemicals; and imports from China consist of metals, chemicals, vegetable oils and tea.

A Sino-Bulgarian agreement, also concluded last summer, was the first in Bulgaria's history. Before the Second World War, Bulgaria did not even have official trade relations with Kuomintang China, and Chinese imports were purchased on the West European market. Under the current agreement Bulgaria is to supply China with machine tools, electrical products, nitrogen fertilizers and chemicals in return for non-ferrous metals, cotton, silk, tea and hides. Bulgarian machine tools going to China include lathes, shapers, presses and pneumatic hammers, some of which were shown at Leipzig last year.

SINCE goods from the people's democracies have to travel more than 14,000 miles by sea to China, shipping is of crucial importance. The steps being taken to solve this huge problem are of special importance in view of the considerable extent to which shipping monopolies have been able to hinder the development of East-West trade. The noted Indian economist, Mr. Gyan Chand, who acted as chairman of the group at the Moscow Economic Conference concerned with the trading problems of under-developed countries, was only one of many Asian speakers who drew attention to the concentration of shipping in the hands of a few countries and international cartels.

As the *Batory* has fittingly symbolized on several especially notable occasions, the Polish mercantile marine is already a challenge to those who would make shipping a barrier instead of an aid to the development of peaceful international trade.

From two ports of world importance, Gdansk-Gdynia and Stettin, two Polish shipping companies—Polish Ocean Lines and Polish Steamship Company—are operating no fewer than 17 regular lines linking Eastern Europe with the major ports of Europe, the Americas, North Africa and the Far East.

At the present time Poland's ocean-going fleet is about three times the pre-war size. In 1947 it consisted of 42 vessels with a total carrying capacity of 155,500 tons. Two years later it had been increased to 190,000 tons, and the target for 1955 is in the region of 580,000 tons, which will probably mean between 150 and 200 ships. Some of these are being built in Danish and other foreign shipyards, and some would have been built in British yards if the British government had not submitted to American pressure and refused to fulfill Polish orders.

Similarly the German Democratic Republic is building a merchant fleet, a large portion of which will be engaged in the China trade. Under the Five-Year Plan, 50 ocean-going ships are to be completed, most of them for the GDR's own use. Since, like Czechoslovakia and Hungary, the GDR has the use of Stettin at the mouth of the Oder River, a deep-sea port for the Democratic Republic is not planned. Other ports such as Wismar, Rostock and Stralsund are, however, being enlarged and a program is well advanced to make Wismar an important trans-shipment port for potash going to China and other Far Eastern countries. When completed, the port will be capable of accommodating ships of 10,000 tons and over.

Hungary and Rumania are also carrying out shipbuilding programs that will have an important bearing on future sea communications between Eastern Europe and China. The Hungarian Five-Year Plan provides for the construction of modern motor tugs, large barges and three Danube sea-going ships. Large investments are being made in the ship-building industry under the Rumanian Five-Year Plan and vessels to be built include large cargo ships and sea-going tugs.

A Czechoslovak merchant fleet is also now in existence. The Czechoslovak vessel *Republika* docked at Tientsin last July with a cargo of goods being delivered under the Sino-Czechoslovak agreement.

Not to be overlooked either is the tremendous development of internal water transport in the people's democracies. Undertakings such as the Danube-Black Sea Canal in Rumania are already well advanced. The projected navigable waterway linking the great canals of the Soviet Union with the rivers of Poland and the German Democratic Republic will aid still further the vast exchange of goods between the Soviet Union, China and the people's democracies.

CHINA'S own ship-building program is going ahead and models of big river boats shown at Leipzig suggested the tremendous potentialities of an industry now being modernized and developed on a hitherto unprecedented scale. Of great importance too is the completion of the new Tangku harbor linking Tientsin with the sea and providing accommodation for ships of 10,000 tons. In the past, vessels over 3,000 tons could not sail up the shallow Hai Ho River which connects Tientsin with the sea, and had to discharge their cargoes onto lighters.

The tremendously important point about present trading relations between the people's democracies and China, and their certain future expansion, is that they do not, and will not, exhaust the capacity either of China or the people's democracies to trade with the rest of the world. The fact is that at a time when Sino-East European commercial exchanges have reached a volume never attained or even approached in the past, all the countries concerned have declared their willingness and their ability to trade with the West.

Without exception their delegates to the Moscow Conference listed specific goods that could be supplied to the West and named Western products that would be acceptable as exports. As Dr. Chen Han-seng, one of the Chinese delegates, wrote after the conference, in spite of the huge deliveries of industrial equipment China is receiving from the Soviet Union and the people's democracies, "we will need more than what these countries can export to us." A GDR foreign trade representative made the same point when he declared at Leipzig that "orders are immediately possible from China for three generations."

The plain lesson of the trade that has developed between the people's democracies and China is that countries engaged in industrialization, development of their entire resources and improving living standards make not only possible, but imperative a freer exchange of goods than the world has ever known. There is in fact no more telling argument for full, equal and peaceful trade than the daily-mounting achievements of those countries at present so engaged.

SINO-GERMAN TRADE AGREEMENT

THE 1953 Sino-German Trade Agreement, signed in Peking on April 30, stipulates that the Democratic German Republic will provide China with machinery, scientific equipment, electric appliances and chemicals while China will send Germany soyabeans, grain, mineral products, oils and fats. Trade this year between the two countries will be 34 percent more than in 1952.

Tibetan Autonomous Government Established

HOME RULE FOR TIBETAN MINORITY IN SZECHUEN

Chang Jen-k'ai

THE Tibetans who left their high plains and came down the trade routes to settle in the western provinces of Szechuen and Sikang met with the hostility of the local population and officials, for minority peoples were treated as inferiors in old China. But they stayed to populate a large part of northwestern Szechuen where the soil was more fertile and the climate not so arduous as in their own land.

In an area larger than England—330 by 200 miles—with a population of 500,000 of whom three-quarters are Tibetan, a second Tibetan Autonomous Government has been set up, following the establishment of a similar autonomous government in Sikang.

The chairman, Sunchiyosih, is a Tibetan, two of the four vice-chairmen are also Tibetan and 25 of the 40 councilmen. They were chosen at the First People's Representatives' Conference of the Tibetan District of Szechuen, held at the end of 1952 and attended by 362 representatives, including Tibetans and other minorities, representatives of the government and various bodies.

In this large area, which lies well over a mile above sea level and is bounded by snow-capped mountains, there are vast virgin forests, and herds of cattle, sheep and horses roam the 200-mile wide steppe to the north. Grains, medicinal herbs, fruits and musk as well as furs and butter are in abundance. The land is rich in natural resources: deposits of gold, silver, coal and iron have yet to be exploited.

Over the mountains now runs a highway, taking the place of a former path on the brinks of precipices. Trucks loaded with tea, oil, salt and cloth can be driven through mountain passes, and the native products sent out.

The 26 state trading offices and eight cooperatives set up have brought better living for the Tibetan people. Formerly, 100 *catties* of wool was exchanged for 96 feet of cloth; now the ratio is 100 *catties* for 432 feet. An ounce of musk can be sold for 192 *catties* of corn instead of 40 *catties*—the price in 1950.

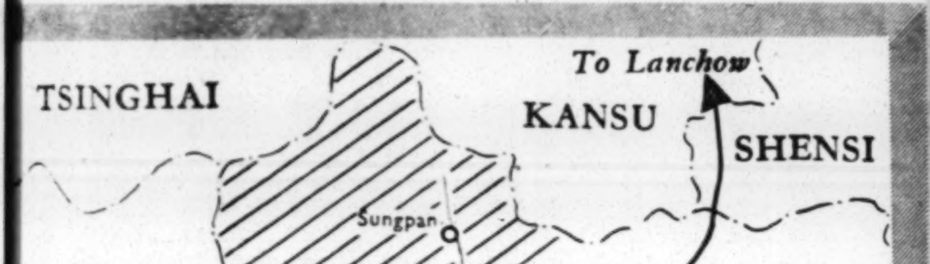
The total area now boasts many primary and middle schools as well as teachers' colleges. One hundred spare-time and evening schools have been set up.

In addition, medical teams have been organized and have carried out large-scale vaccination and inoculation work.

The Tibetan people have their own rich tradition and culture. They are talented in dancing and singing and have much to contribute in enriching China's national art.

They also have a revolutionary tradition. When the Red Army passed through this area in 1935 during the famous Long March the minority peoples supported the army and some enlisted. The newly-elected chairman, Sun-chiyosih, is one of them.

No longer is this area infested with bandits and special agents. Each passing day sees new improvements for the minority peoples.


To Lanchow
TSINGHAI
KANSU
SHENSI
Sungpan
SIKANG
Mowhsien
Tsinghua
Li Hsien
Wenchwan
Moukung
SZECHUEN
Chengtu
To Lhasa
Min River
Chungking
Yangtze River
CHINA
SZECHUEN

Our YWCA Literacy Class

Betty Chandler Chang

THE 400 students of our YWCA spare-time school welcomed the New Year with a gala evening of program and dancing, pleased to find that we housewives and mothers have much artistic talent in our group, and that we can get together to play as enthusiastically as to learn. The party was financed by school surplus funds.

Although our school fee is the equivalent of only 50 cents a month, we ended up the old school year with money on hand not only for a party but for extra school equipment, and held a meeting to decide what to buy—books for the library, ping-pong or basketball equipment. A sound financial situation in a school is another new phenomenon here, since corruption has been wiped out, and also the government gives real support to our adult education program.

In fact, the women in our second grade are so enthusiastic about all the activities of spare-time school that almost nothing can keep any of us away a day. This isn't easy, for many of the women in our class had been held down all their lives by the old customs.

One student was actually a slave girl in her childhood. Later she was sold as a concubine to one of Tientsin's formerly prominent bankers, and as such had been confined to the top floor of his luxurious modern home for years.

Another schoolmate now in her fifties said that in the old society she could go out only once a year at lunar New Year and then only to see old-style Chinese opera. When men guests came to call, she was supposed to retire to her room upstairs, unless guests were kin or close friends of the family. She was more lucky than some of her generation, for after the Manchu rulers were overthrown in 1911 her feet were released from the bindings that custom decreed and they are only slightly deformed. Now, as she says, she is going to school to have her mind unbound.

The past life of many of the students was bitter, and often they took refuge in "sickliness." Our first grade was full of ailing students. They complained of all sorts of aches and pains and of "nerves," so that between-class talk was at first almost entirely tales of woe.

But still the women came to school pretty regularly in spite of all their troubles, including the summer heat. As time went on "sickness" became less and less. Now the current before and after-class talk has turned to a much more constructive angle.

The women are cheerfully exchanging housekeeping tips and favorite recipes. But more and more is our conversation centering around the larger group—the neighborhood, the city. Most of the women participate in their neighborhood government and have problems in common to discuss, such as their volunteer jobs in health and public safety work.

My desk-mate is 34, and says she was sick for the past 20 years. She was forced to marry an old businessman with a rascal of a son of 21. Only now is she able to separate from her husband and begin to live a life of her own. This woman is one of our star students and is away ahead of the rest of us in class.

The young engaged girl in the row in front of me says she is going to improve her future marriage relationship by learning to read, write and figure. The woman directly behind me had to overcome her opium habit before starting to school.

But learning the "three R's" is not all that's accomplished at school. It's a surprising thing to us who were "educated" in the old society to see all kinds of people taking problems into their own hands, and settling them happily and satisfactorily — no time or energy wasted. There was an example of such "little

---

BETTY CHANDLER CHANG, a Review contributing editor, has lived in the northern port city of Tientsin since 1940. Previously, she had spent one year in China as an American exchange student in Lingnan University in Canton. A graduate of Oregon State College, Mrs. Chang took post-graduate work in the field of dietetics at the University of Michigan, where she met her husband, a Chinese surgeon.

Mrs. Chang describes in this article her experiences in learning to become literate at a spare-time school for women. Like many mothers in new China, she has eagerly taken the new opportunities open to women to learn to read and write the difficult Chinese language. The application of the "quick learning" method for studying Chinese characters and the opening of numerous spare-time schools have encouraged women to qualify themselves for responsible jobs in China's reconstruction work.

Teachers at spare-time schools for workers and peasants in Peking learn the "rapid method" of teaching Chinese characters.

people's courts" in our class one day between language and arithmetic.

A student with one child of three-and-a-half years began bringing the little girl to school with her. But little Ling-ling couldn't sit still for the two class hours, and every time she fidgeted her mother gave her a rap on the head. This went on for several days. We all had been wincing but no one had said anything. Then one day while our teacher was out of the room and poor Ling-ling got another knock on her pretty little head, one of our classmates spoke up.

"Ling-ling," she said, "isn't your head swollen enough? Why do you allow Mama to knock you so?" The puzzled child did not reply but the other students started giving opinions one after another. One thought a naughty child might be spanked on the bottom as a last resort, but never on the head.

Another mother, who attends the parent-teacher meetings in her children's school said, "Children can be persuaded; there's no need to hit or spank at all." She cited the nursery school children who don't know any sort of corporal punishment and yet obey their teachers and parents willingly.

Ling-ling's mother listened quietly to all this with head down as though busy with her homework, but she stopped hitting her child. And since the lesson was entirely objective no feelings were hurt. This incident showed once again how well people can govern themselves even before they have succeeded in educating themselves.

The school sometimes also serves as a clearing house for grievances. Students may "speak out their bitterness," as they call it, when the government asks for suggestions, as it often does. The last time we had such a session one of our classmates, Li Chen, told her story.

She was 13 when the Japanese occupied Tientsin. As her family was very poor, she went into one of the Japanese factories where she worked under horrible conditions of virtual slavery. Never once during the four years there did she feel her stomach full. So with VJ Day and the mushrooming of night spots to meet Kuomintang and US troops' demands, she became a taxi-dancer and thus got at least one good meal a day.

A hasty marriage was soon dissolved, leaving her with a baby girl. It was a lonely and difficult job to raise the baby, which she did with the aid of her mother. The child is now six. Li Chen was filled with emotion as she spoke, and tossed her pretty head in a gesture which gives a false impression of self-confidence.

With liberation, no curb was put on night-clubbing; but the dance girls were given a chance for study. Li Chen was quick to realize that her future lay in pro-

Women workers in a textile mill study Chinese characters at a spare-time school.

Peasant women attending school.

ductive work rather than dancing for the pleasure of playboys, and she went to the employment bureau to register for work.

But either because she was over-sensitive, or actually because of her absolute lack of education, she felt slighted. Her application for work was rejected. Angry with the employment agency, she enrolled in spare time school. Therefore, when students' grievances against the agency were solicited she burst out with her story, and also brought out her deep-rooted bitterness against the Japanese, the Kuomintang, and the US occupationists—bitterness that had eaten into her early life.

She became for the first time conscious of the real cause of her misfortunes. It wasn't the agency after all, but the old society that invited imperialist occupation!

With great emotion she said, "Now I want to speak out. I've been a worker under the most horrid conditions since I was a child of 13. Who wants to be a dance girl! Even now I can't stand dancing! In those days it seemed the only thing I could do to support my child and mother."

Our whole class supported this schoolmate's position. Our teacher, herself a young woman of 23, noted down Li Chen's story and handed it on for transmission to the municipal government where it is sure to result in more sympathetic attention being paid to applications for work by such victims of the old society.

Another suggestion to the employment bureau was made by some of the older women. They felt that existing age limits for entrance into some lines of technical work would bar them from entering their chosen fields by the time they were ready to take the entrance examination. But other older women voiced their belief that Tientsin's rapid industrialization program would make jobs available for all of us by the time we were culturally and technically qualified for them.

This in turn brought out a further demand for resumption of political lectures. During the summer we had been hearing two political lectures each month, but at that time some students were not keenly interested. Some brought sewing or knitting, some actually fell asleep. It's a totally different story now that several months have passed without these lectures. The students are demanding them for as they say, "simply knowing characters and arithmetic isn't enough; we must learn more about our new society."

So again, within an hour, major problems had been brought out and largely settled. I thought how really direct and genuine people's democracy is!

Our textbook is full of useful little stories and verses such as the lessons on government and privately-owned factories:

> In our state-owned factories where the workers are indeed liberated, there's no longer a trace of exploitation, no contention between labor and capital.
>
> The workers have become masters; their livelihood is assured. With one heart let's increase production; our country is certainly strong.
>
> Although at present there is still some exploitation of labor by capital in our privately-owned factories, still, in order to speed up industrialization, both labor and capital must profit.
>
> Workers' livelihood must be improved; the capitalists' interest must be guaranteed. And in case a dispute should arise between the two sides it may be settled by arbitration.

There's a well-rounded education to be had at spare-time school. These extra-curricular benefits add to the stimulus to become literate and thus further prepare China's women for technical training and jobs in the new society. Women know that this is the only road to the true equality granted them by the Common Program and the marriage law.

"Thoughts" of Returned

COMMENTING on returned American prisoners of war, *Time* magazine on May 4 reported that "the Pentagon . . . was in one of its periodic tizzies over . . . the possible extent of 'brainwashing' . . . among the returnees." The admirals and generals, according to *Time* were afraid that when the returnees got home "their opinion would have a bad effect on the populace.' "

Since the first reports by prisoners of war early in 1951 of their good treatment in camps in North Korea, the Pentagon has been in fear of "infected" Americans coming home. Plans for returning prisoners of war suspected of not conforming to the official Washington line were being laid long before the exchange of sick and injured prisoners in April of this year.

On January 2, 1952 a *UP* dispatch quoted the Tokyo correspondent of the National Broadcasting Company as saying: "Special officers are now reading all letters sent out of Communist camps by American prisoners. Before air-mailing the letters to the POW's families in the US, these officers look for information in the letters, including any evidence that doughboys have succumbed to the Communist line. . . . Some of the US officers especially selected and trained are now ready to interrogate our soldiers after they are released."

A few days before the exchange of sick and injured prisoners, which began on April 20, a *UP* story revealed that the US army "is ready with a program to 'reorient' to the American way of life any released prisoners of war who may have succumbed to Communist propaganda. . . . Army medical officers gave assurances that any psychiatric cases will be spotted at the screening process the soldiers will go through after their release."

Following the return of all 149 sick and injured American POW's, "the Army spotted all liberated American war prisoners who became infected by Communism during their imprisonment in North Korea. Army Censors refuse to permit the disclosure of the number of men among the 149 . . . Meanwhile, in Washington, Army officials said today that the best techniques of modern psychiatry would be applied to help a 'small group' of

POW's Worry US Army

American soldiers who had apparently succumbed to the Communists' 'brain washing' . . ."

On May 1, "a plane load of repatriated American prisoners of war from Korea, designated by the Air Force as 'victims of Communist propaganda' arrived [at Travis Air Force Base, California] under a cloak of military secrecy. . . . The number of men aboard was not disclosed. The cloak of secrecy was clamped down when the plane left Tokyo. The Air Force said it was ordered by the Pentagon. . ." (*AP*)

IN its May 4 edition *Time* magazine gave some inkling into the cooked-up US press versions of "atrocities" against American prisoners in Korea. Referring to the US army hospital in Tokyo for returnees, *Time* reported:

"The wards swarmed with doctors, nurses, psychiatrists, intelligence officers. . . .

"Newsmen were not allowed in the Tokyo hospital wards, but US correspondents had got in their licks at Freedom Village in Munsan. Somehow a headline-hunting competition for 'atrocity' stories had started. Most of the voluminous file of atrocity stories last week was highly exaggerated, and the total impression was wholly false. Under press interrogation at Munsan, prisoners talked of cruelty only when pressed by leading, insistent questions."

At the time of the release of the prisoners *UP* in Tokyo received a cable from its New York office stating: "Need only limited coverage of returning prisoners of war except for tales of atrocities and sensation."

On May 6, Lord Strabolgi told Britain's House of Lords that "the very idea there was going to be a thaw in the cold war seems to have aroused great feelings of alarm in certain quarters." (AP)

He said that symptoms of this could be seen "in the atrocity stories apparently fabricated in the most shameful way arising out of the exchange of sick and wounded prisoners. Fantastic stories of ill treatment were spread about, particularly in the American newspapers. . . It is psychological warfare of the most damnable and despicable kind."

THE OLD BORDER REGION

— Traveling from Yenan to Inner Mongolia —

— WILLIAM HINTON

YENAN, how much it means to all of China and to the whole world! And yet seeing now this little winding town between the towering loess hills all that glorious past seems like a dream, hard to recall. For today Yenan is like any other hill town, crowded with peasants selling faggots and buying flashlights and towels. Workers from the co-op and the People's Bank walk the streets in the evening. There is a loudspeaker broadcasting Chou En-lai's speech on the 1953 elections and the latest New Year's pictures are on sale everywhere. From the outside the only thing to remind one of history is the memorial hall where historical objects are on display.

One keeps repeating to oneself, "This is Yenan, this is the base from which the revolution liberated all of China!" And yet when one sees this quiet place and these immense hills it seems an incredibly more difficult task than one had thought before.

I went up onto the hills above the town past the many layers of caves where the majority of Yenanites live, up to the very heights now disfigured by decaying trenches and fortifications left behind by Hu Tsung-nan's Kuomintang troops.

The hills here have a strange appearance—like the drooping petals of many petalled flowers, the slopes of loess overhang each other. On these incredible slopes the peasants plow and plant and harvest. The hills are old and scarred, brown and bare, with never a tree to grace the crest. Yet the landscape is not without coloring brought on by the play of light and shade on the many-surfaced knolls and ridges.

BEGINNING a few days before New Years all traffic on the roads ceases and everybody makes for home. There is nothing a would-be traveler can do but wait 10 to 15 days until things pick up again. I was afraid it was already so close to New Years that I could never get a mule and a guide to take me north but I hooked up with the very last pack train out of Yenan before the holidays.

The muleteer had 12 donkeys and three mules in his string with three men to care for them. Each animal belonged to a different relative—uncle, brother, brother-in-law—and they were entrusted to this man for the trip. He had come to Yenan with salt from Ting Byan. On the trip north with me there were several government workers going to their homes for the New Year and an old peasant named Kang on his way home to Anbyan.

Our second night was spent at an attractive little inn high up above the road and carved out of a loess cliff. Here the hills have lost that flower-petal appearance and are simply scarred and treeless domes and ridges cut here and there by deep gulleys.

The inn itself consisted of two caves, one with a door to the outside and the other connected with the first by a narrow passage and with only a window opening to the outside. This type of cave is common enough, but what distinguished this inn was its extreme neatness and cleanliness. The arched ceiling and walls had been washed with a light brown paint. Bowls, chopsticks and utensils were all washed vigorously in very hot water and placed neatly on a shelf.

Evidently the inn had a great reputation for by nightfall it filled to overflowing. In order to fit us all in we had to sleep feet to feet in two rows with our legs interlocking. This made things fairly tight and to add to our troubles the *kang* was extremely hot due to all the noodles which were prepared on the stove to feed this hungry crowd.

The next day we "turned the mountain," as the expression is (meaning we crossed the highest point), and dropped down into a spectacular gorge hundreds of feet deep and cut in solid rock. They say this is very dangerous during the rainy season for any shower on the hills above can cause a deluge in this canyon from which no one could escape alive. In the summer time no one dawdles here, but in winter, since it never rains, the place is safe enough.

WILLIAM HINTON, an American agronomist, has spent the past several years in China and has traveled in many parts of the country. The accompanying article describes the trip he took this past winter to visit his brother-in-law, Sidney Engst, who has been working on a livestock experimental farm on the border of Inner Mongolia.

The gorge eventually led out into a broad river valley. All along the sides of the valley holes and caves were cut into the cliff walls, some of them very extensive and elaborate and all of them absolutely inaccessible. I was told these were the hideouts for the people in former times when the Mohammedan horsemen raided here, killing every living thing they could get their hands on. The shelters are cut into solid rock high on the cliffs with only handholds in the rock, or temporary board catwalks as a means of entrance. It was obvious that at some places there had been drawbridges which could be pulled up leaving only a sharp drop between the attackers and the defenders.

In earlier times these places were practically impregnable since any attacker would have to come up the smooth face of the cliff and could easily be sent to his death with rocks thrown by those hidden in the caves above.

When the Kuomintang troops came up in such masses, they overflowed the valley and had to march in the mountains on either side. They too killed everything they could lay their hands on. But this time the people were organized and fought back from the hills. In less than two years' time the army was cut up, run to exhaustion and routed.

As we went up the valley we passed group after group of peasants going downstream. They had been to the fair in the county seat and were going home with cloth, red paper for door jamb and window decorations, and New Year's pictures. Some even had candy and other delicacies for the children. All were gay and well dressed. Some were singing as they walked along.

If you did not see these people living here you would not believe that these mountains could support such a population. The hills are so barren, dry and steep it seems hopeless to try to plant anything. Yet they raise good crops and keep lots of livestock.

DZ TAN HSIEN is a tiny place hardly as big as an ordinary village on the Hopei plain, yet here where a village consists of three houses it is a regular metropolis. There is only one street lined with houses and shops surrounded by the ruins of an ancient earthen wall and watch-towers. All around are high loess hills.

In the back of the town is a large building set on a hill, the memorial to Liu Dz Tan who built here the old Shan-Kan-Ning border region. He was born in this town and educated at Yulin middle school where there was a Communist Party group. There he and Kao Kang became Communists and returned to the hills to set up a peasant soviet. They organized the "Red Spears" in the mountains and gradually built up the region to which the whole Communist Party leadership and Red Army finally advanced at the end of the Long March.

Liu Dz Tan was later killed in battle in Shansi toward the beginning of the Anti-Japanese War. He will never be forgotten by the Chinese people. Some day not far off when the highway goes through here his memorial will be enlivened with many visitors.

Pao An, as this county was called before, was once the capital of the whole Border Region and the home of the Central Committee. Here the famous Red Army Academy was set up and Chairman Mao gave his lectures on "Strategic Problems of China's Revolutionary War." Generals like Lin Piao and Peng Teh-huai were the students. Lin Po-chu, now secretary of the Central People's Government, used to run the co-op store here. There wasn't so much that could be bought in it in those days—only a few bolts of cloth on the shelves, a little grain and some salt in the bins. Now the co-op is quite flourishing, stocking such things as Shanghai cloth, thermos flasks and flashlights.

We stayed at a little inn which was not nearly up to the standard of the loess cave on the road the night before. Prices were higher too because we were in the "city."

Of course, the whole population turned out to see "the for-

Chairman Mao Tse-tung in 1939 talking to the peasants near Yenan.

eigner." I had become used to this in my travels—the friendly curiosity and laughter at my light hair, blue eyes, but especially the "gao-bi-tze" (big nose) by which all foreigners are known. Tonight it seemed too much. I was suffering from fever sores on my face and tired from the day's trip. But the people were insistent; they poked their fingers through the paper on the windows and peeked through. Others pushed their way through the door when someone brought me hot water. Finally two government workers came into my room.

"You should talk to these people," they said. "They have never seen a foreigner before and they want to be friendly."

Of course, they were right. I opened the door and all of us spent a very pleasant evening talking of this and that.

THE next morning we were off just before dawn. It was a beautiful cloudless day. Here and there on the hills a flock of sheep grazed on the dry remains of last year's grass. In the valley two donkey colts fought playfully. A peasant in a sheepskin rode by on a mule. It seemed as if it had always been this way, as if nothing had changed, would change, or could change.

So it seemed on the surface. Here there are no trains, no trucks, no tractors, no factories, not even any oil wells. Only one or two new iron plows have ever been seen here. Improved sheep are talked about but haven't arrived yet. The flocks on the hills are mainly black goats and fat-tailed, long-wooled sheep. These have been raised here for centuries.

And yet this is only the surface. In these hills live men who know that in spite of the wooden plows and long-tailed sheep of today this area will move forward with the rest of China until it is unrecognizable. It will be pushed forward by these very same men and women who are hacking at the hills with mattocks and scouring the gullies for a little brush for their cooking fires. Already they are attending evening classes for literacy, and they are learning to let their children choose freely their wives and husbands. They are organizing into mutual aid teams and learning to select seeds.

The man walking beside me is no simple "hill billy," and yet I think he is fairly typical of the peasants of the region. He is the elected representative of his district to the year-end conference in Yenan, now on his way home. There he has 50-60 *mou* of hill land, a few sheep and a cow. He lives and works like any other peasant, yet he talks like an educated man.

"What was the meeting at Yenan about?" I ask him.

"It was a meeting of the whole region—cadres and people's representatives to hear and discuss the tasks for 1953."

"And what are the tasks?"

"We have four. The first is to give full support to Korea until peace is won; this must be organized and strengthened. The second is the economic construction of the country. The third is preparing for and carrying out the nation-wide elections; and the fourth and right now the immediate task is education for the new marriage law."

"Are there still unfree marriages here?"

"Yes, there still are. Forced marriages and sale marriages are still much too frequent. Of course, we have many free marriages now too but we have a lot to do yet before all the feudal customs are wiped out."

"And what about production? What is the main task here?"
"We must organize mutual aid groups on a wide scale."
"You mean all the peasants have not organized yet?"

"Yes, there are still some, too many in fact, who are going it alone. They live very far, scattered in the hills. It's not like on the Hopei plain. Our task is to organize groups where there are none, make year round groups where there are only temporary ones, and set up two producers cooperatives where conditions are ripe for that."

This man certainly knew a lot, saw clearly, and his ideas are advanced, the most advanced ideas in the world. Yet he is a peasant with 60 *mou* of hill land, a few sheep and a cow.

And what is happening in these hills in 1953. Feudal marriage customs are being wiped out, peasants are being organized for mutual aid and even one step further, for cooperative farming, elections—the first national elections ever held in China—are to be held, and everyone is putting renewed effort into aid for Korea to see to it that the imperialists never again dare poke their noses into China.

Before I had a chance to talk with him further he removed his bed roll from a donkey and cut up a narrow ravine to the east of the main valley. His home lay somewhere there behind the hills in a place connected with the outside world only by a footpath.

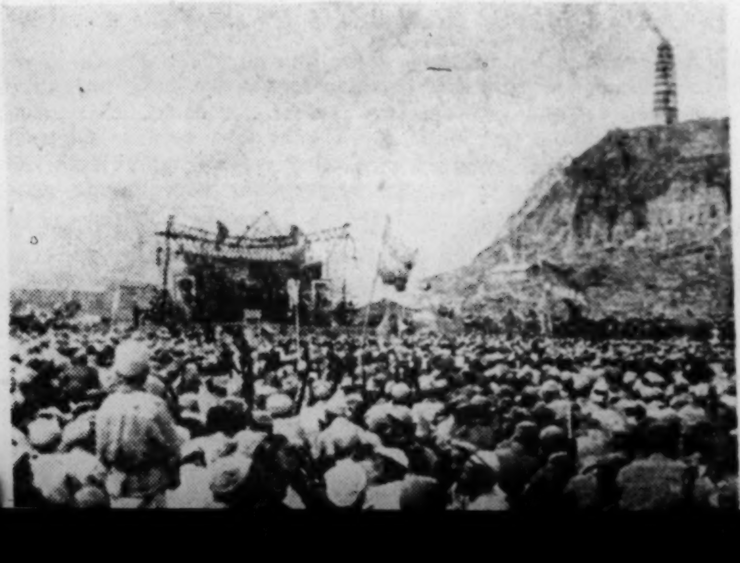
That night we struck off into even wilder more remote country than we had been in hitherto. We went up a very steep narrow gorge and then after a very sharp climb out "turned the mountain" again. From the top, which seemed to be the highest summit anywhere around, we could see to the far horizon in every direction, and nowhere saw anything but an endless jumble of loess hills, treeless, scarred and windswept. These are what we would call "bad lands."

Down from the summit only a short way was a little inn nestling under the ridge. From the front yard the slope dropped precipitously to the valley. The place is called Tiger's Lair Ridge and though they said that there had not been any tigers about for a long time, still it seemed quite possible that we would meet up with one, so wild, high and lonely was this place.

AS the days went by I began to get better acquainted with old man Kang. He was on his way back from a tremendous trip west, 1,300 *li* beyond Lanchow, where he went to see his son, an apprentice mechanic in an army truck repair base. This trip was a great event in the old man's life as he had never been out of this area before.

He would never have had a chance for a such a trip had it not been for his son joining the army. Parents and relatives who visit their sons and daughters or close relations in the army have all their travel expenses paid. They are given transport,

A May Day celebration in Yenan in 1948 after the Kuomintang troops had been driven out from the area.



food, lodging, entertainment and any assistance they need on the road. Kang said he was not by any means the only parent visiting there; dozens came every day. He had nothing but praise for the way the army handled his trip and looked after him.

He was most impressed by Lanchow, by the great iron bridge over the Yellow River, by the airport, the construction work going on, the whole layout of the town. He was also greatly impressed by the dancing performance given by a troupe of Soviet artists while he was at the army base. He talked about this many times. He was also pleased as Punch by the treatment being given his son and the high prestige of the new trade which the boy is learning. When he told people how his son was repairing trucks they all said that must bring in lots of money.

"No," he said, "they are on the supply system there but they have everything they need and of course in the future he'll have a good trade."

One old peasant who listened to Kang's enthusiastic description kept nodding his head. Finally he said, "You say in the army they aren't ill treated?"

"Ill treated! Just the opposite. They get the best care in the world and study all the time."

The old peasant nodded gravely and said, "Our boys are all at home." But surely he was thinking what an opportunity it would be for his boy to join the army, become a mechanic. Yet the centuries-old conservatism of all things new still caused him to wrinkle his brow and consider.

To the leavening influence in these hills of the government workers and soldiers who return home should be added that of the parents and relatives who go out to visit them. They are wonderful propagandists for they new society and can tell about all sorts of things which the home folks have never even heard about.

Old Kang lives only a mile from the livestock farm at San Byan. All the way up through the hills he kept telling anyone who would listen about the wonders of this farm, the Soviet stallions, the milk cows, the Sinkiang sheep that clip 15 *catties* and are bred by "injection." This last caused a great deal of comment. Breeding by "injection" as they call artificial insemination is unbelievable to most of the mountain folk but Kang maintained staunchly that it really worked and produced excellent lambs. I think a good portion of his listeners thought he was telling tall tales, but some believed him too. There are a lot of new things these days and it doesn't pay to be too incredulous.

I found Old Kang to be really a very lively and progressive person and when I got to his home, a little mud hut out on the edge of the desert with a corral made of sticks for a few straggling sheep, I thought even more of him. The settlers here were all Catholics. As Kang said, "We had to be or they wouldn't let us settle down here. All the land belonged to the Church." They all came in the last 15 to 20 years on land that used to be Mongol pasture. They are anything but wealthy. To leave this hut and go off by foot, by truck and by train almost to Sinkiang to see his son in the army—it is really a tremendous thing.

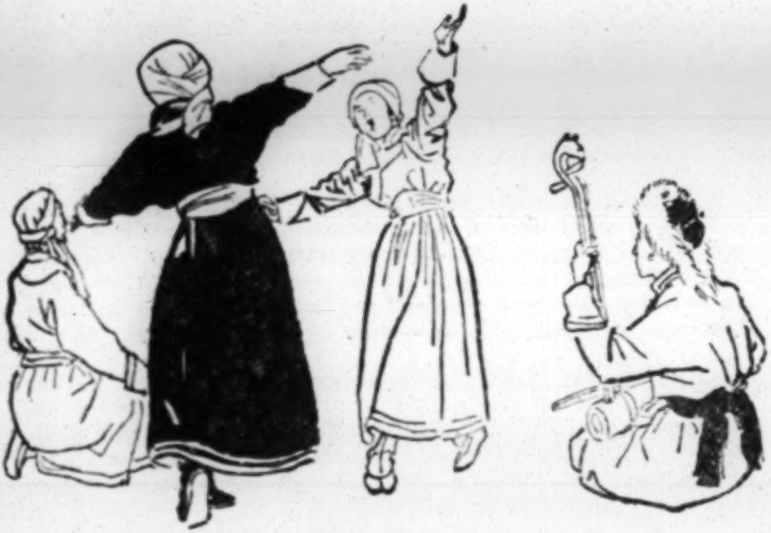
AT noon after leaving the Tiger Lair Ridge we came to a little inn far up another wild gorge. As we went north the caves got bigger and more capacious and this inn consisted of a very high vaulted chamber cut out of loess. The walls and ceiling were blackened by smoke but the woman had spent no little time and pains painting a beautiful border design around the wall. It reminded me of American Indian pottery designs—geometric patterns formed by sharply zigzagging lines in black and white.

On the wall was a notice from the "Old Liberated Areas Visiting Group." In 1951 groups were sent out from Peking to visit all the old border regions and soviet areas, to investigate conditions, listen to the people's problems and help work out plans for swift development.

Testifying to the fact that these groups not only got to the old areas but had their message widely spread throughout the region was this announcement on the wall of the cave saluting the people of the border region and explaining the purpose of the visiting group.

After a meal of buckwheat noodles we took off. Again it was a narrow gorge and then a mountain. This time we dropped down into a valley that was a real shambles. Two years before there had been a really heavy rain here and the mountains had collapsed on both sides. The torrent in the river must have been a stream of flowing mud that only gradually dried up for the bottom of the ravine where our trail lay at first was just lumpy and bumpy like solidified molasses.

The mountains had fallen in on both sides and still greater



Inner Mongolian folk dance — *by Yeh Chien-yu*

parts of them had cracked and started to slip but had not gone all the way. It made my spine tingle. Millions of tons of earth seemed to be hanging suspended above us by a mere thread. Luckily it was winter. Several more big rains and the whole thing will happen all over again.

We finally climbed away from the river and into a peaceful flat valley where the road was 10 yards wide, long lines of trees made barriers to the wind everywhere and smoke rose from the hills here and there as if coming from nowhere. Actually of course it came from the chimneys of the caves cut deep into the hills. The road turned out to be a sheep run and every family had a large sheep stockade. We were getting further and further north and livestock were getting more numerous and more important.

THE next day we crossed what seemed an endless series of low ridges and rolling valleys and here and there came across patches of sand. Although the guide said we were almost to the plain I couldn't see how we were going to get there because the land kept going up. What was happening was that we were climbing up out of the mountains.

We went up through a narrow cut in the hills, a sort of gulley in the loess and suddenly came out upon the Mongolian plain. We had long ago left the tight hills of Tiger's Lair Ridge. The country had been gradually opening out but I was not prepared for the sight that greeted us here. This country was endless. Before us the land fell away slowly for about 15 miles and then rose up again for about 15 more. Then came the sand.

As far as we could see to east and west this was the same pattern, a great natural basin bounded on the north by sand and on the south by this mountain ridge. We could see trees, farms, villages, even church spires here and there. Everything seemed very clear and near and yet at the same time far away. Distances were hard to judge and so were directions.

We came out of the mountains well west of where the livestock farm and our destination lay. Our guide had never been this way before and Old Kang, although he had lived in the basin 15 years, had never come over the mountains in this place. Try as they could, they couldn't pick out the livestock farm or any of the landmarks around it.

As we went down into the basin the country seemed to level out and become even more confusing. Finally by asking our way we came to a village Old Kang knew well. It was here that I saw the necessity for the stout stick he had urged me to carry along. A pack of wild looking dogs made for us as we passed each farm, growling and baring their teeth for all the world as though they wanted to eat us up. Which they probably did. There are many stories in these parts about dogs that ate unwary travelers. I laid about me with the stick and kept threatening them as best I could and each time we seemed to get by all right.

We finally saw Old Kang to his home and I made for the livestock farm with my heart in my mouth for fear that Sid, my brother-in-law whom I had come all this way to see, might have already left for the south. But no, he was still there. They ushered me in through a gate at what looked like it might be the village school and then into a mud-walled compound where five rams were feeding from a wooden trough. The curtain of one of the doors of this compound was pulled aside and there was Sid, comfortably ensconced in, of all things, a beach chair.

The first thing he said was, "Hinton, where in hell did you get such a big nose!"

Report from coastal province

Fukien Forges Ahead

Ho Tun-sun

OWING to its rugged topography and coastal location, Fukien province was under constant threat of foreign domination and in addition had the misfortune of being cursed by its native bandits, who flourished in the general atmosphere of social, political and economic backwardness. Under the new government, the people's outlook has changed, much successful work has been done to protect the seacoast, to suppress the ubiquitous bandits and to provide a stable background for reconstruction work.

In 1950, the campaign of agrarian reform linked with bandit suppression was started in this large province of 10,000,000 farmers, and the entire program was completed throughout Fukien, with the exception of Kinmen Island, in less than two years. This uprooted the centuries-old feudal system, and 7,670,000 former landless or poor peasants who received land now till it enthusiastically.

Calamities such as flood, drought and blight have been brought under control, and sea embankments were built, to protect more than 1,000,000 *mou* of land from inundation.

In the process of land reform the farmers united in the struggle against crooked landlords, bandit chiefs and counter-revolutionaries. With these people brought to trial, people's democracy has won its place in the countryside.

INSTEAD of serving the landlords and officials as formerly, education in Fukien has become scientific and popular to meet the needs of the workers and peasants. A glance at the large number of students in this academic year will give one a clear idea of how exceedingly eager people are for learning. The number of elementary school children is three times that of 1949; college and middle school attendance has increased proportionately.

Unthinkable in the past, almost all middle school graduates last term went on to college for advanced study. while 800 college graduates, accepting jobs offered by various government organizations, entered national construction, or took advanced technical studies. "Commencement means unemployment" was a truth in Kuomintang days, but not now.

In middle schools, more than 60 percent of the students are of farmer or worker background. For the higher technical training of civil servants from these classes, two short-term middle schools have been set up, as well as elementary, spare-time and night schools. The new rapid method of learning to read Chinese will wipe out illiteracy among 600,000 workers and peasants in the next six months. Before long, no illiterates will be found in Fukien.

ON the eve of liberation in 1949, the weak industry of Fukien was demolished by the Kuomintang in its last act of vandalism before fleeing from the mainland, but industry has now revived. Taking 1949 industrial production as 100, it was 110 in 1950, 130 in 1951 and 150 in 1952.

One achievement has been the supply of electric current day and night by the Foochow Power Plant, a service which had been suspended for 15 years. It partly owes its success to the reconstruction of the four giant boilers of the plant by a crack team of workers who have also made a name for themselves in making machines for such industries as paper, sugar and oil. Throughout the province 33 generating plants have added 4,450,000 kilowatts of power to the Fukien supply.

The Fukien Paper Mill by the end of last year had doubled its output in comparison with 1949. Government loans and orders have helped this big plant to increase its production over pre-war levels by nine percent. At the same time, the match industry in Fukien has seen production go up steadily since 1949. Output has risen nine times over the year of liberation, with higher quality products being turned out at lower cost.

The fleeing KMT also tore up highways and destroyed all the major bridges. In the past three years, the government restored the bridges and at the same time built hundreds of miles of high standard roads, which not only allow higher speeds but enable substantial savings on the consumption of gas and the wear and tear on tires. The number of trucks and buses in operation is increasing, and the cost of transportation has fallen accordingly. There have been five successive price reductions since then with the result that the cost per passenger and per ton of cargo now runs from 15 to 25 percent below the 1950 rate.

The province's shallow, rapid waterways, dangerous with hidden rocks, have been dredged and blasted into navigable rivers. Recently the government built a fleet of new type boats for speedy transportation of passengers and freight.

Two price cuts have made it possible to send sea-food products from the coastal regions to northwest Fukien in exchange for its mountain products. Fukien is self-sufficient; the US-inspired blockade has not held it back.

AS a result of placing main emphasis on preventive rather than curative medicine, and of the work done to unite the schools of modern and Chinese herb medicine, much success has been achieved in bringing under control such fatal communicable diseases as plague, smallpox, and typhoid.

When the national health drive was in full swing last spring the general public participated in the work of sanitation, cleaning up vast accumulations of filth and vermin. Health groups regularly inspect eating places; the water supply is carefully supervised. Beginning last August, free medical service was available to workers.

Fukien now has 16 public hospitals, together with 267 district clinics and nine hospitals for lepers. Thousands of mobile medical teams formed in all villages have brought medical treatment within the reach of all. With a view to-

In all provinces county fairs are held and have greatly boosted urban-rural trade.

ward strengthening the medical profession as a whole, special attention is being paid to coordinating modern and Chinese herb medicine. Working together, practitioners of the two schools recently fulfilled the tremendous task of province-wide inoculation against plague.

The student body of the Fukien Medical College has increased twice over, and five midwifery schools have been added to the original 12, with an enrolment four times more than before.

For greater maternal and child safety, 2,882 old-type midwives have been given modern training. The port of Amoy led in this campaign, reducing mortality to three percent of the former rate.

IN conformity with the Common Program (China's temporary Constitution), the provincial government set up special organs to deal with the problems of the 3,000,000 Overseas Chinese, plus their dependents. These unfortunates have been discriminated against in various foreign countries. The year after liberation, 1,976 Chinese in Malaya gave up their business there to return to Fukien. Some of them were given government jobs, some were given traveling expenses, returning to their native villages to take up farming or other productive work.

Contrary to reports in the Western press, the agrarian reform was of great benefit to Overseas Chinese and their dependents. Although a small number of wealthy farmers and big businessmen ran away, the poor, who made up

Fukien's Story:

FORMERLY, many agronomists dismissed mountainous Fukien as of doubtful value for intensive farming. This theory has been discredited by agricultural achievements during the past three years, in which time Fukien has been transformed from a food-importing to a food-surplus province.

Last year's grain output was approximately five percent above the highest pre-war level, and the production of other crops, notably tea and fruits, also rose appreciably.

The peasants are determined to have still larger crops, and are using selected seeds and more fertilizer. An agricultural implement factory has been set up, and technique stations have been established in various rural centers.

Continued efforts will be made by the government to combat natural calamities. In 1952, certain parts of the province were an overwhelming majority, benefited by the distribution of land. The property of some landlords was left untouched.

Following liberation a sizeable number of Overseas Chinese students returned for further study. Hundreds of them who came to Fukien received priority to enter schools or colleges and to obtain special allowances besides food subsidies. In the main, Fukien is doing its best to help Overseas Chinese both at home and abroad.

From Food Importer to Exporter

visited by floods unparalleled in the past 60 years, and other parts were repeatedly harassed by typhoons and by insects; all these calamities were brought under control.

Big conservancy projects are being undertaken by the government and the peasants are being mobilized to build small-scale irrigation canals or ditches, as well as dikes.

Loans are granted by the government; farmers can approach rural credit organizations for short-term and small-amount loans at low interest. In the past, many farmers suffered tremendously at the hands of usurers.

The emulation drive will be continued and linked up with the efforts to improve the technique of production; for this mutual-aid teams and individual peasants will draw up plans, on the basis of which village and district plans will be made. Recent experience shows that the potentialities of rural areas here have not yet been fully developed.

Last year, for example, in a small village near Foochow, the average yield of paddy fields was 7,200 pounds per acre, but on the farm of Huang Pao-lo, model peasant, the yield was nearly 10,300 pounds.

With the example before them of model farms, which by using collective labor have a higher yield than individual farms, peasants see the advantages of working cooperatively. In 1952, 48 percent of the whole farming population was organized into 181,000 mutual-aid teams; this year an additional 17 percent is scheduled to be organized.

The rural population realizes the advantages of collectivization and is moving steadily along this road. The end of 1953 will find Fukien province's agricultural production significantly increased.

— *CHEN FU-SHENG*

A mother describes her children's

Education in New China

Gladys Tayler Yang

OUR daughter Ying is in the second grade of primary school, but since coming to Peking she has been able to attend school only in the mornings—in the afternoons the classrooms and teachers are needed for another class. Ying doesn't like this, and neither do we, but we realize it is a sign of the great and rapid changes taking place in primary school education in China today. It is one of the temporary, makeshift arrangements on the road to free, universal education in China.

Before liberation there were 358 primary schools in Peking with 118,000 students; now there are 939 schools, of which 10 percent are private, the rest are all municipal. Attendance has more than doubled in this period.

Only a fraction of China's children could attend school before, and shortly after liberation many school-age children did not attend. This was not because of the expense of schooling, as there were subsidies for the really poor; but the Kuomintang had left a vast unemployment problem, and to keep going many families needed the little their children could contribute by collecting firewood or searching through refuse heaps.

Child scavengers with their baskets and sticks were a common sight in '49 and '50. Now they have disappeared from the streets, and the schools are packed to overflowing. By next term, however, all Peking children will be having full-day schooling. As it is, only a minority are now on the half-day system.

Civil servants, before liberation, were forced to go around borrowing money when the time came to pay school fees, while workers and peasants could seldom afford to send their children at all. But this term we paid approximately the equivalent of US$2 for Yeh in the fourth grade, and less than that for Ying. This included the cost of textbooks. In a year or two education will be entirely free.

Already three-tenths of the primary school children in Peking pay nothing at all—not even the low fee for books. They are the children of government workers on the supply system or poorly-off peasants, army dependents, and so on.

Another big change has been the reform of the curriculum. Formerly children entered primary school early, at six, five or even four years old, to start learning difficult Chinese characters and study a diversity of subjects. Now more and more kindergartens for the five to seven-year-olds are being set up.

A child must be at least seven to enter school, and the subjects for study have been reduced to Chinese, arithmetic, singing, handicrafts and games for the lower forms. Instead of six years, the course is now completed in five.

The greatest change of all, however, is in the aim of the new education. In semi-colonial, semi-feudal China, a rehash of Confucianism—the spurious morality of the New Life Movement—was dished out to the children to disguise the realities of the cruel, competitive society. But now they are being taught the skills and virtues needed by citizens of a future socialist China.

The great increases in school attendance and the changes in the curriculum have created endless problems for educational authorities all over China. And nobody would deny the unsatisfactory aspects of the present period: overcrowding, shortage of staff, overworked teachers, and a certain general confusion in the schools.

But parents, while critical, are confident that the new direction of primary education is sound. It is only a matter of time before things are straightened out. And in China today everything takes less time than one expects.

IN CONTRAST to the bad old days, when the children of the rich usually attended private schools, and the Kuomintang paid little attention to state schools, except as a tool for the introduction of reactionary ideas, today the education of all Chinese children is of prime concern to the people's government.

MRS. GLADYS TAYLER YANG was born in Peking of British missionary parents. She has recently moved from Nanking to Peking with her family. In this article Mrs. Yang describes the primary schools available for her children

---

This is reflected by the great number of letters and articles in the newspapers, exposing and criticizing faults, reporting experiences of successful teachers, and discussing problems and new methods.

The teachers, naturally, are one of the most important factors in educational reform. And the teachers, like all citizens in this new society, are changing. Life no longer means a raw deal, with the pupils as their helpless victims.

Ying and Chih sometimes play school with their dolls; from their play I notice that teachers are not as fierce as once they were. There is no cane used in these games, not even the naughtiest doll gets rapped over the knuckles, and Teacher does not shower abuse on the students. Instead, whoever plays Teacher assumes a winning manner and sweetly persuasive tones, sometimes so overdone as to be comic. But significant, too.

And if teachers are sweet tempered, that is really something, because they are busier now than ever before in their lives. Since their status in society is improving and they are conscious of their responsibility and proud of their profession, they want to raise their professional level.

Recently a long article appeared in the *Kwangming Daily* on an interview with a model teacher in a Peking primary school. This teacher has 32 years of teaching experience. She has always loved children and teaching, but found little but frustration in her work under Chiang Kai-shek's government. Since liberation she has become busier with larger classes, systematic study, visits to schools elsewhere and to educational conferences. But she finds her work much more satisfying.

She has been elected a people's representative of Peking, as many teachers all over China have been elected to the people's consultative councils. Are primary school teachers in the West such valued members of the community?

In the past the children sometimes complained that their exercises were not corrected promptly, and we had the impression that some teachers had not organized their work well, or were overworked or lazy. So last month I was most interested in a report of the efforts made by primary schools in Peking's Fourth District to eliminate still existing confusion.

All the headmasters and headmistresses of the district had formed a study group to analyze their chief problems and try to solve them. They had agreed, among other things, that careful planning was essential to get rid of the happy-go-lucky methods of the past, which kept the standard of teaching low. There should be a definite time, not too long, for political and professional study.

Also, teachers must get enough rest. They should not have to attend meeting on Sundays. They should not, in their desire to be good citizens and take part in public affairs, involve themselves in too many outside activities at the expense of their work and health.

Now the teachers arrive at school about 7.30 a.m. empty-handed (where formerly many carried piles of uncorrected exercise books for last-minute marking). During the intervals between classes there is more laughter than before, but if any teachers have a free hour between classes they make proper use of it instead of frittering it away. During the lunch hour there are chess and pingpong games, singing or rest. There is definitely a new, confident atmosphere among teachers.

SINCE two of our children are in primary school, though they are not too vocal on the subject of school at home, we still get a picture of what goes on.

Their textbooks show some of the trends of the new education. Pride in China, patriotism and internationalism are the subjects of a number of lessons. Hygiene and the virtue of helping others are given prominence too. And peace, of course.

Peking students fly model airplane they made themselves.

Ying's textbook has a colorful picture of children releasing doves before Tien An Men, to be used as the basis of discussion.

That primary school children are highly peace-conscious was brought home to me on my last walk when I noticed the characters Ho Ping (peace) chalked again and again in childish scrawl on the walls of several of Peking's lanes. Not that I approve of chalking on walls in general, but if children must chalk, PEACE is a good word to choose.

And then children learn to respect and love labor. They are learning respect for the peasant who grows things, the man who handles machines and makes things. My 10-year-old son blushed when he brought home his last report which stated that he did not love labor enough. He joined in the spring cleaning more energetically after that.

However, he can criticize other people. Kenneth Grahame's "*The Wind in the Willows*" has been one of his favorite English books for some years. It describes the adventures of various animals, and he always thought one of the chief characters, Toad, a conceited but likeable and harmless fellow. But when we read it again recently, Toad's boast about his position as one of the landed gentry evoked scornful laughter. "He's a landlord, don't you see, one of the exploiting class," Yeh explained to Ying. "Boasting about being lazy."

Later, when three-year-old Chih tried to wheedle them into waiting on her, I heard Brother and Sister rebuking her: "You're just a Toad." Badger came in for criticism too for issuing orders but not sharing in the work.

The teacher tells students stories from Chinese history.

ANOTHER very good feature of their education is the stress on cooperative activity and mutual aid. Ying came first in her class last term, but was criticized for not helping other students more. When this term started and I urged her to work hard and be first again, Yeh proceeded to put Mother's thinking straight on the question. You should not aim to come first: that is the road to individual heroism. Do the best you can, of course, and try to help others, so the whole class can do well, and then you all become more useful citizens later.

Many classes have pledged to pass *en masse* in all subjects. This means the better students and teachers must give the poorer students special help. If all pass the examination there is real satisfaction, but if one or two students still fail the whole class feels disgraced. This is quite different from the competitive spirit in which we were brought up in the West, and much superior, I think.

Again, education is no longer divorced from real life as when it was largely a ruling-class monopoly. The children learn not only from books in classrooms; they are taken to visit farms and factories, to exhibitions and educational films.

The children learn too from the increasing number of excellent children's books published at low prices. Nearly every primary school has a small library—another innovation since liberation. And there is a Children's Theater which puts on plays especially for children. Their needs are fully understood and are beginning to be met.

Of course, there is still a great deal to be desired. There is an urgent need for better buildings and equipment and more teachers, to say nothing of minor improvements we look forward to. Ying would like to learn the piano, but she has no opportunity at present. Yeh would like to join a holiday camp this summer, but he may not be one of the lucky ones. I would like to see more parent-teacher contact. But these are secondary considerations.

I believe that this education, improving every year, will fit the children for a full, richly satisfying life. I know they are going to have very happy lives. From time to time my mother, who is in England and doesn't understand the situation over here, wishes that the children could go home "to have a proper education." No, thank you. They are having one.

Shanghai's "lunch counters" are packed when it's

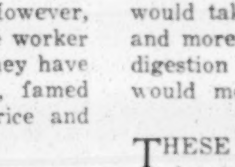
Time for Lunch

Muriel Hoopes

TIME OUT FOR LUNCH! Where shall it be? Shanghai is chock-full of inexpensive restaurants. In fact, to call them restaurants is actually a misnomer; they are really more like lunch counters, some being hardly more than Holes-in-the-Wall. However, for the Shanghai office worker or mid-day shopper, they have become an institution, famed both for their low price and tasty food.

Perhaps you are the kind of person who, for lack of time, gulps down what is set before you. There are any number of little places ready to serve you a good-sized bowl of soup with another bowl of mixed vegetables and meat, plus tea, and rice that fills the bill as bread—all for a flat sum per person.

Next up the scale comes a type of quick lunch known as the "all together" menu, suitable for parties of three to six persons. The bill-of-fare, in such cases, would read something like this: Sauteed prawns, pork with bamboo (pot-roasted), dish of greens, rice or steamed bread, large bowl of soup, enough for three, and tea. This would cost somewhat more than the first, would take longer to prepare, and more time to eat. Better digestion and longer life would most probably result.



THESE Holes-in-the-Wall are located just about anywhere in downtown Shanghai. Sometimes you have but to turn down an alley and presto, there you are, at the door of an eating-house, seemingly off the beaten track and yet in the heart of a great city of some 6,000,000. In winter the door is a quilted hanging, to keep off draughts; in summer, long before you turn down the lane you can smell the spicy joints for which this particular canteen is famous.

Once through the portals, you enter an Aladdin's cave, cool in summer, warm in winter.

Diners sit at much-worn wooden tables, unpainted and unmarred by the jackknife, unlike those at the famous Yale tavern. Here we find all classes sitting elbow to elbow, stuffing the tasty chopped meat into crisp, browned biscuits. And what a quantity is devoured in an hour's stay in the cave! Stacks and stacks of crunchy wrappings disappear inside humans as if on a conveyor belt! A pot of rice wine reposes on almost every table; the wine seems to make the biscuits go down even faster.

Then come the noodles, all immaculate in their whiteness, with an artistic touch of brown bean sauce to the left, a fresh greenness to the right. The only thing left to do is to combine the three and let them all slide soothingly down the Little Red Lane.

There is a feeling in that cave, an atmosphere of camaraderie not to be found elsewhere in Shanghai. The children from the alley float in, one by one, to watch the occasional Westerner enjoy his food, and before anyone knows just how it all happened, they are singing a song for you and you are singing one in turn for them. It's hard to pull yourself away from an eatery like that!

SOMETIMES the luncher feels not quite up to par; he slips into a chicken alley, so named because therein is sold nothing but products of this noble fowl, chicken "innards," sliced cold or hot fillet, eggs already laid and those still in the making. A steaming hot bowl of chicken soup sends the customer away completely satisfied with the product and the price. If you want the soup to stick to your ribs, take some steamed bread and do a bit of dunking.

VEGETARIANS too can stuff to their hearts' and stomachs' content. Are you interested in meatless days? You *would* be if you visited the "chophouse" where vegetarian diet is put out in meat form.

All dishes are prepared without animal shortening. They are artistically shaped to resemble the real McCoy, and in taste they lack nothing.

Altogether, a jaunt to one of these Buddhist places is an eye-opener as to what man can

do with the **fruit** of the **fields**.

The Mohammedans are not to be outdone, either. They have snack bars, too, where no pork, only beef and— even more mutton are the chief provender. The meat is cut in inch-square pieces, barbecued and skewered on a thin bamboo needle much the same as Russian shaslick. Dipped in a sweet bean sauce, it emerges tops.

There are Holes-in-the-Wall that specialize in meat dumplings at so much per bowl. Here, again, an alley cafe may present a weird picture, depending on the kind of meat used in the dough. In a Mohammedan restaurant, Arab writing composes the signboard; the Buddhists use a kind of Sanskrit in their dining rooms. They eschew meat of any kind, and make up for it in delicacy of flavor and ingenuity.

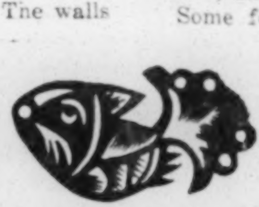
One such dumpling place is actually a passage-way to the houses in the rear. The walls —which are actually the side of the house flanking the entrance to the lane — are made of brick, which drip in humid weather. Tables are ranged on both sides of the passage, with waiters, customers and pedestrians intermingled. Sometimes it gets like a cobweb party.

SWEETS are provided in special booths. Fermented rice is a favorite with many persons — some like it hot, some like it cold. And if you like glutinous rice dumplings floating around in rice wine, that can be arranged, too, by the addition of sugar and a fragrant yellow flower.

If you want soft curd made from beans, you will have to move on to another shop up the street, that also serves seaweed—agar-agar — and bean gelatine topped with maple sugar dressing.

Dumplings, as large as your fist or as small as two fingers, are awaiting your order in a bamboo steamer. Fillings of brown or white bean paste vie with those of meat and chopped vegetable. Seen from the street, these steamers, piled one on top of another into tall towers and wreathed in clouds of steam, are their own signboard, and well patronized.

Some folks do not move an inch from their desks. They just order from "one of those places around the corner" where huge iron hotplates produce tidbits of



all kinds, half-baked, half-fried wheaten or rice pancakes enhanced with salty or sweet stuffing.

There are times, too, when a dish of cold chicken or duck from one of the chicken or duck lanes makes a nice filling for hot steamed bread or just plain bread. Chicken thus prepared is already well oiled. No butter is needed.

Another luncheon favorite, which may be ordered sent up to the office, is the Huo Kuo, a well-known Mongolian dish which the customer cooks himself.

The Huo Kuo is housed in a copper pot, shaped something like an angel food cake pan, with the center hole serving as the smoke stack for the charcoal fire box. The top compartment is filled with boiling soup stock. In the North China variety of Huo Kuo, it is into this that the eater dips and cooks thin slices of mutton, which are then immersed in sauce. The meal ends by dumping several saucers of vegetables and noodles, along with whatever meat remains, into the pot, thus producing a delicious soup.

THERE is no need to dress for dinner if you frequent these Holes-in-the-Wall. "As you are" is the order of the day, and the peasant just in from the surrounding farmland rubs elbows with the pen-pusher of the city. Both are bent on getting the same food he would eat in his own home.

Shanghai is famous for that. You can feel perfectly at home away from home; people from the provinces can always find their native food served here. From the wind-swept plains of Mongolia to the verdant Burma border, from the plateaus of Tibet to the China coast, wherever they hail from, they can always find a Hole-in-the-Wall to meet their need.

Supplementing their elaborate restaurants, the Cantonese have booths where only fish rice gruel is served, bowl upon bowl, from morning until midnight. Such places are always packed—it's like stepping out for a snorter—this bowl of fish gruel sets you up for the time being, and it's full of vitamins.

There is no lack of companionship in these places. The man across from you wants to know where you come from, in what office you work or what branch of the government uses your services. It's all very casual and cozy. In fact, it is always a new adventure to look forward to when the clock strikes twelve. Time out for lunch—Where do we eat?

A short story

School Days Ended

Kao Yu-pao

YU-PAO was just coming into the house when he heard his mother weeping inside, "That poor child! I can't bear to have him go! He's being thrown into the fire right in front of my own eyes and there's nothing I can do!"

Transfixed, Yu-pao stayed outside listening. His elder brother and sister also were crying. Suddenly he heard his father's voice: "Crying! Crying! That's all I hear! Do you all want to cry me to death!"

Yu-pao's mother said, "I just cannot. My own child. You've no heart at all. I never would have believed you were so hard-hearted!"

Angrily the father replied, "You tell me what I could do! Just tell me another way!"

Shocked and frightened, the boy could feel the strength drain out of his body. "Has my father sold me?" he wondered as he rushed into the room, grabbing his mother around the neck and looking into her eyes.

Embracing him, Yu-pao's mother took her child's face in her hands and began to weep violently.

She cried on and on like this until night-time.

IT seems that landlord Jou Chang-an, who was one of the village's leading officials, had a 12-year-old girl called Yingtze whom he wanted to send to a Japanese-run school in Dairen.

In order to get a little spending money for his daughter when she got to the city, Jou had come around in the afternoon, flanked by two policemen, to force each family to make their spring contribution for guns, which was overdue.

Yu-pao's father had been laid up for some time with a severe case of boils and had been unable to do any work. According to Jou, he had advanced the Kao family 10 dollars, and he had been haranguing them to pay it back many times.

So today, he had two conditions: The first was for the father to pay back immediately the 10 dollars, plus the interest which amounted to another 10 dollars. The second was for Yu-pao to go to his farm to work off the debt by taking care of the pigs.

Referring to the second condition, Jou sanctimoniously told the father that in this way he would have one less mouth to feed at home anyway, and actually it would mean that he, Jou Chang-an, would have an extra burden by having to feed Yu-pao.

If Yu-pao's father refused to accept either of the conditions, Jou threatened that he would personally accuse him of "wrong thoughts" and bring him before the Japanese authorities on charges of being in contact with "guerilla bandits" and deliberately engaging in subversive activities.

Both the father and mother pleaded in vain, "But we have no money! The boy's too young!"

Although he well knew that Yu-pao had been able to go to school for the past month only because of the teacher's kindness, Jou Chang-an replied: "Hm, you've got enough to send the boy to college but nothing to pay for guns! Your little snake thinks he can become a dragon!..."

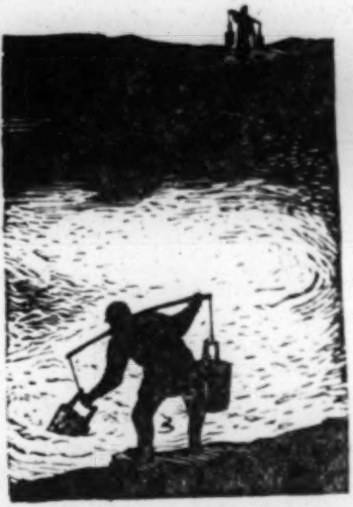
SWINEHERD for a landlord at the age of eight and a factory apprentice in Dairen before he was 10, Kao Yu-pao today is one of new China's best known young authors.

Born and brought up in a poor peasant family in Northeast China, 26 year-old Kao Yu-pao's childhood was spent amid great poverty and humiliation under the Japanese and their puppet "Manchukuo" regime. When the area he lived in was occupied by the People's Liberation Army in 1947 he joined the army and has remained in it ever since.

At that time Kao Yu-pao was practically illiterate, able to write only about 100 Chinese characters, but in the army he was encouraged to study and write stories of his own experiences and the peasants he knew so well. In his autobiography, "Kao Yu-pao," which was completed in January 1951, young Kao tells how a simple pictorial called "Mao Tse-tung's Boyhood" gave him the incentive to write:

"A question occurred in Mao Tse-tung's mind—'Why is it that the heroes of all the stories I have read are either high officials and great generals or talented young men and beautiful ladies? Why are they never people like honest peasants?' "

This story, translated by Julian Schuman from the People's Liberation Army Literature is part of a chapter from Kao Yu-pao's autobiography.



With this, Jou threatened to have Yu-pao's father tied up and taken off. The old man had no way out, and could only promise that he would send Yu-pao to his farm the next day to tend his swine.

WHEN Yu-pao heard that he no longer would be able to go to school the tears which he had been holding back poured out. Refusing to eat his supper, all he could do was cry. Outside, the rain which had begun late in the afternoon was coming down more and more heavily.

How could Yu-pao sleep? He just lay with his head on his mother's breast, while his father lay gloomily, not saying anything. His mother embraced him as if at any moment somebody would come in to tear her child away from her. She talked steadily to Yu-pao:

"Child, it's not that your mother is so stony-hearted that she doesn't want you to study. That King of Hell Jou Chang-an isn't a human being! But really your father has no way out. You'll have to wait until the boils on his legs are better and he is able to earn some money. Then you'll come home and go to school once more."

"Mama, I don't want to go! Jou Chang-an will beat me! I want to go to school! I want to stay with my mama!"

"Mama will come to see you. Your father and sister will come to see you. You're a big boy now. You must listen to what your mother tells you. You're my own flesh and blood. Believe me, my heart is breaking!"

That night the rain continued to fall outside while inside the room mother and child, covered by a tattered quilt, cried as steadily as the falling rain.

Yu-pao lay in fear of daylight, when he would have to leave his mother. Tightly holding his mother around her neck and resting his face against hers, he thought: "Rain, please come down so hard that you'll make a big flood and drown that King of

Hell Jou Chang-an!" He told himself: "Soon I'll be grown up and I'll kill that King of Hell!" Yu-pao lay thinking until he finally fell into an uneasy sleep.

THE next morning Yu-pao's mother, after making a special breakfast, woke the boy up. But he wouldn't eat, he just cried. When his schoolmates came as usual to call him for school and heard the news all they could do was to go off sadly. And Yu-pao cried even more.

Yu-pao wanted to wear his school clothes and so his mother even sewed up a torn spot. She also gave him an old jacket to take along. Just as they were going out the door, Yu-pao wanted to take his school-bag and strap it over his shoulder. His mother said: "You're going to Jou Chang-an's to look after his pigs. You still want to study?"

"The books belong to the teacher. I want to return them to him."

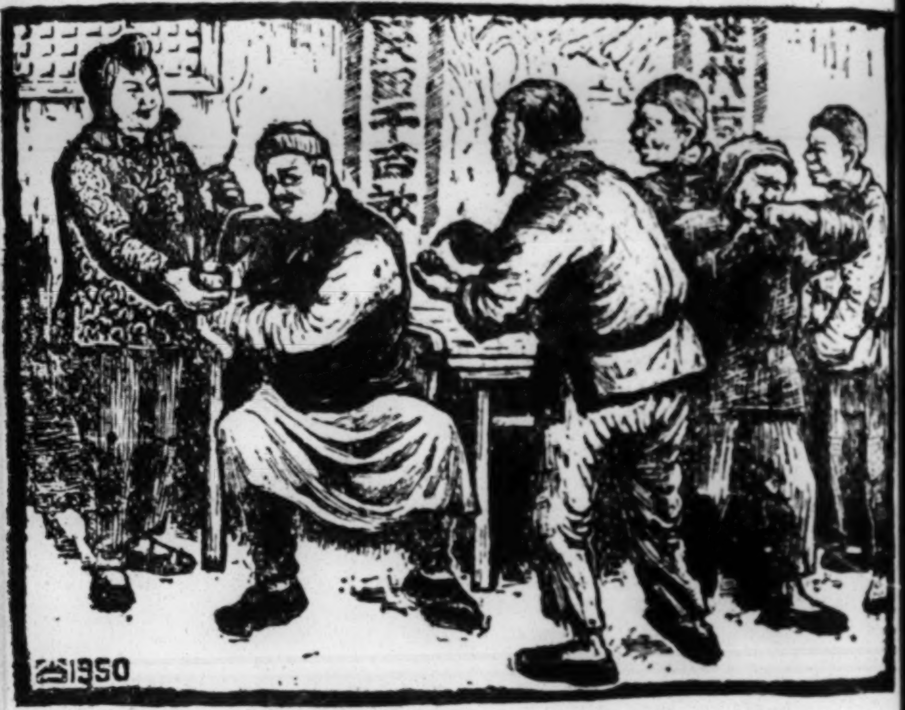
Yu-pao's father said: "You'd better let him stop off and say goodbye to the teacher. After all, the teacher was good enough to give him a chance to go to school."

Taking him by the hand, Yu-pao's mother led him off toward the school.

The rain had stopped but the sky was overcast and dark. The road had become very muddy. Along the way, mother and child passed plum and apricot trees which had shed their leaves. The small stream they had to cross had turned so muddy and turbulent that the bottom no longer could be seen. It flowed swiftly and the rocks which made a path across were not easy to maneuver.

After crossing the stream, Yu-pao slipped once in the grass which was now covered with mud. Going through the forest, Yu-pao noticed that no birds were singing and he wondered where they had gone.

All along the way Yu-pao's mother had much to tell the boy. "Child," she said "Jou Chang-an's home is not the same as your own. In our house if you have an ache or



Asking the landlord for rent reduction—

by Ku Hung.

pain there's your mother to worry about it; in somebody else's home, if you have any trouble nobody will think about you! So you had better be very careful."

Yu-pao promised, and his mother went on, "When you get there you had better listen to what the foreman tells you. In the daytime when you take the pigs into the hills you be sure to stay near other people. Always be around others and don't go off by yourself into some gully. And be sure you take the pigs back before it gets dark; there are lots of wolves in those hills."

"I know," said Yu-pao.

His mother continued talking, "And don't get into any fights with other children. You know, even if you get a scratch your mother will be worried, so don't make me worry at all!"

"Don't worry, mama."

"And if it's cold be sure to put on extra clothes so that you don't catch cold. If you get sick it'll be your own fault. When your clothes are torn or dirty, take them off and when I come to see you I'll take them home to mend and wash."

Yu-pao's mother was so engrossed, telling him all this, that she hardly realized they had arrived at the entrance to the school. Yu-pao thought to himself, "Today, I got here quickly."

Teacher Tzou had already heard from the other children what had happened to Yu-pao. He knew nothing could be done to stop Yu-pao from tending landlord Jou's pigs, and he asked the boy and his mother to come into his own room to sit down.

He was unable to hold back a few tears. Yu-pao's mother was only able to blurt out "Teacher Tzou," and then her throat clogged up. Yu-pao himself could not speak; from his school-bag he took out three books, a notebook and a lead pencil and placed them on the teacher's desk. But teacher Tzou put them back into the boy's bag.

"You take them with you. When you have some time you can read them."

Yu-pao's mother managed to hold back her tears as she spoke, "We know you wasted your time by teaching him but after Yu-pao is grown up . . ." she was unable to finish.

After sitting a while both Yu-pao and his mother finally bid the teacher farewell. Teacher Tzou accompanied them both for some way up the mountain slope and with a deep sigh said:

"Yu-pao, there's nothing much I can tell you or advise you . . . Just that when you're working for someone like Jou Chang-an you'd better keep your eyes and ears open. There's foreman Liu, his name is Liu Wan-jung, who's a good man. If you have anything on your mind go see him. He'll look after you."

Turning his head, the teacher spoke to Yu-pao's mother: "Don't worry, Liu and I are from the same village and I'll explain everything to him. He'll keep an eye on your boy. When you get there, go see him first."

Yu-pao bowed respectfully to teacher Tzou, looking at him as they parted. After he and his mother had gone quite a way, the boy turned and looked back. The teacher was still standing on the slope looking at them, and Yu-pao could see his old blue cotton gown fluttering in the breeze.

36 Years Ago in the Review

Monarchy Restored

July 7, 1917

Events in China have moved with almost bewildering rapidity during the last week. Early on July 1 the young ex-Emperor was brought into the Forbidden City and placed on the Throne. This coup d'etat was managed by General Chang Hsun, who had previously brought several thousands of his own troops into the capital and disposed them so as to command the City. . .

Restoration Attempt Collapses

July 14, 1917

Chang Hsun's monarchy has completely collapsed. It lasted exactly one week from the issuance of mandates announcing the re-establishment of the Throne until the abdication. . . .

Dr. Sun's Visit

July 21, 1917

The *Peking Daily News* states that the visit of Dr. Sun Yat-sen to the South is connected with a movement to organize a provisional government with the co-operation of Yunnan, Kwangsi and Kwangtung. The object of the Provisional Government is to oppose the Manchu Restoration. . .

U.S. Trade Experts in the Far East

In evidence of the interest that the American Government is taking in the Far East, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce now has six trade commissioners in the Orient. . . . As will be noted, all these missions have to do with the promotion of American trade abroad.

Japan to Build Military Empire

July 28, 1917

The magazine section of the *New York Times* of June 24 contains a page article on "War to Insure our Existence as a

Nation," by L. R. Wilfley, former Judge of the United States Court for China, in the course of which he says that Japan's chief aim is to consolidate all the many hundred millions of the Orient under her own hegemony and build a great military empire which will enable her forever to dominate the Pacific basin.

25 Years Ago in the Review

No Jobs for Engineers

July 7, 1928

It has been reported that there are more than 2,000 Chinese engineers, men with modern technical education and many of them graduates of leading educational institutions abroad, who now have nothing to do in their chosen profession. . . .

Faculty vs. Students

As a result of the recent announcement that St. John's University at Shanghai intended to reopen this fall, various Chinese students' organizations have renewed an attack upon that institution which has been continued almost without cessation since the May 30 incidents in Shanghai in 1925. Although St. John's University was able to reopen in 1926, with a decreased attendance, the school closed down again in the spring of 1927 when the Chinese Nationalists occupied the Shanghai area and, with the exception of some work done off the campus, has been closed almost continuously since.

Immediately after the trouble in 1925 between the students and the foreign faculty resulting from an attempt of the students to hold a patriotic demonstration and fly the Chinese flag at half-mast from one of the university buildings, the students left the school *en masse* and started a new school, Kwang Hua University, located on Great Western Road.

Is Recognition Coming?

July 14, 1928

The Powers having up until this time so far recognized every Tom, Dick or Harry that has got to Peking, the inference is that they will not have the audacity to refuse recognition to the Nationalists although the Tanaka Government is reported in some quarters to be doing its best to dissuade the British, French and American governments from according recognition on the ground that "there is still no responsible government in Peking to deal with." Immediately the Powers have recognized the Nationalists, the latter undoubtedly will insist upon having all unequal treaties rectified in a manner that would be in keeping with the prestige of a free nation. . . .

Sino-Japanese Deadlock in Shantung

July 21, 1928

According to one of the high Japanese officials in Tsinan, the capital of Shantung-province, the Japanese now have 24,000 troops on Chinese soil in Shantung. . . . The city of Tsinan, provincial capital of Shantung, is literally a Japanese barracks. The streets are literally filled with them and there are sand-bag barricades everywhere, at street intersections, in front of public buildings, at the railway station and post office, in government buildings and so on.

Suppressing "Dangerous Thoughts" in Korea

How the Japanese authorities in Korea suppress "dangerous thoughts" in that peninsula is excellently illustrated by the case of the Korean newspaper, *Chosen Ilpo*, which has been suspended *sine die* for expressing editorial opinions not in keeping with the wishes of the Japanese police. . . .The history of Korean journalism ever since the Japanese occupation of the peninsula is one long chapter of deliberate persecution of Korean editors and writers on the part of the Japanese police. . . . The article "Decline of Monarchs," to which the Japanese police in Korea took exception, is the kind of editorial one may find in any western newspaper. . . .

Battle Against Floods

Four thousand years of recorded history has ancient China fought with her untamed rivers, winning or losing battles as primitive dikes held or gave way under press of surging water, and swept away homes and crops from the vanquished peasants. At the moment of going to press another flood has ravaged Shantung, and the overflow of "China's Sorrow," the descriptive prophetic name given to the Yellow River, has cast into starvation renewed millions. Yet in recent years I have talked frequently with small, heroic groups of hopeful people who tell me that it is a possible dream to banish floods and famines from China forever. . . .

China as a Field for Investment

The United States has amassed an enormous wealth during the past few decades. She now possesses more capital than is needed by her home industries. . . . China has nearly all the requisites for a marvelous economic development except capital. . . . Why not invest some of the surplus American capital in China? . . . That American investors can obtain a much higher rate of interest from loans to China than to any other country is beyond doubt. . . .

15 Years Ago in the Review

July 2, 1938

Hitler Insulted Chinese

Adolf Hitler, Dictator of Germany, angered at China's refusal to accept the peace term "cooked-up" by the German and Japanese general staffs, delivered a violent speech in Berlin (Feb. 21) in which he charged the Chinese with "mental and material weakness," due to their refusal to join the German-Japan-Italian anti-communist pact. Hitler announced his intention to recognize the puppet state of Manchuokuo.

A Year Ago—and Today!

July 9, 1938

A year ago a resident of Shanghai could cross Garden Bridge into Hongkew without any interference except from traffic congestion.

Today, no one can cross Garden Bridge without being stopped by a bumptious Japanese sentry who insists that the pedestrian removes his pipe or cigarette from his mouth, his hat from his head, and displays innumerable documents. It is not unlikely that persons crossing the bridge may shortly be required to undress in order that the sentries may make an examination for invisible tattoo marks of communistic significance.

Bombings Keep City in Uproar

Shanghai experienced one of its most hectic days since hostilities moved beyond the city last fall, on July 7, the first anniversary of the Sino-Japanese war, when pro-Chinese elements hurled eight bombs, killed six persons and wounded nearly a dozen pedestrians up until noon of July 7.

Don't Whisper, Talk or Think Against War!

July 16, 1938

Foreign news agencies, tourists and even the newspapers in Japan have reported strange developments in connection with the war psychology now prevailing in that country.

According to a *Reuter* report from Tokyo on July 1 a salesgirl observed two men on the train who appeared to be whispering "anti-war talk." She reported the incident to the train detective who arrested one of the whisperers. . . . He fought the charge of "anti-war" whispering and . . . insisted that he was an "ardent militarist," but the Supreme Court upheld the verdict of the lower court and he must serve four months in jail. The Judge ruled that "even private talk could be construed as rumor-mongering, which was contrary to the military code as applied to civilians."

Japanese soldiers, wounded or otherwise, returning from service in China have also been warned against discussing their experiences at the front. The Military Secrets Protection Law has been invoked to seal the lips of the returned soldiers and prevent them from talking about defeats, blunders, reverses, or in fact anything about experiences at the front.

Cholera

Cholera, in both the International Settlement and the French Concession, has continued to increase during the past week as a result of the arrival of hot weather. . . . The fact that cholera is strengthening its grip on this area is reflected in the large number of cholera suspect cases picked up daily from the streets by emergency ambulances. . . .

Guerrillas!

A word that strikes fear to the heart of the Japanese soldier on solitary sentry duty; to small detachments of the Mikado's Warriors left to guard a small town or village after the army has moved on to further conquests. . . . Guerrilla has meant defeat after defeat to Nippon's troops. It means that no matter how much territory Japan conquers, she cannot consolidate it, cannot maintain peace and order; and to those troops she leaves behind, it is as likely as not to mean death. . . .

5 Years Ago in the Review

Another Student Tragedy

July 10, 1948

Peiping was the scene this week of the latest student tragedy into which the Government has blundered. At least 14 students were killed and many wounded after troops fired point blank into a crowd demonstrating in front of an official's home, according to press reports. It is too early to analyze this latest incident and attempt to unravel the undoubted intricacies which surround the events leading up to the shooting. However, we need to know no more than we do to be able to place the blame squarely where it belongs—on the troops and their superiors, perhaps civil as well as military. There is never an excuse for troops or any other armed body to fire upon a crowd of unarmed students. Anyone guilty of such an act should be tried for murder. . . .

Sense and Nonsense

The catastrophic spiraling of commodity prices in Shanghai and other leading cities during the last two weeks of June has brought to light the extreme gravity of the economic crisis confronting this country. The situation in Shanghai was particularly disturbing; certain commodities zoomed more than 100 per cent in less than 24 hours. Price tags were hurriedly changed several times a day and some panic-stricken shop keepers preferred to play safe by discontinuing business altogether for fear of lagging behind the soaring prices. Bewildered and alarmed folks were left wondering whether this was the beginning of the end.

The situation was made more complicated and alarming by Nanking's do-nothing policy. Dr. Wong Wen-hao's new government simply kept silent throughout the crisis. . . .

Even criminals get a new deal

New Man Village

NOTHING could be farther from the truth than the Western allegation that new China considers human life its cheapest "commodity." The fact is that new China recognizes human life as precious and something not to be wasted. Thus, every effort is made to conserve the life of all individuals. The rapid extension and improvement of medical facilities, the current nation-wide health campaign are cases in point.

This concern is no less great for criminals. No more are those who run afoul of the law considered *per se* inherently undesirable or abnormal persons whose anti-social acts stem chiefly from a natural bent toward crime. No longer in vogue is the old platitude about how a "really good man" can always overcome his environment and get ahead in the world.

Now it is recognized that environment, rather than the peculiarities of the individual, is the chief factor in creating criminals. Thus, it is reasoned that in the new society a-building, in which there will be an abundance for all and in which degrading poverty will be unknown, crime will eventually cease to be a problem.

Already there is concrete evidence to support this view. As living conditions have improved, crime has dropped to a phenomenal extent.

In Shanghai—a seaport city of some 6,000,000 people which in the old days had an international reputation for lawlessness—it is no longer "news" when the police report an entire month without a single case of armed robbery. Long a "wide-open" international city and the center of foreign imperialist influence and intrigue, Shanghai undoubtedly had the largest concentration of criminals in the country, if not in the world. Therefore this city provides a good example of the methods used to combat this problem.

During the past three years, thousands of loafers and petty criminals, derelicts produced by the old society, have been picked up on the streets of Shanghai and sent to New Man Village, a model settlement established by the Shanghai municipality. More than 12,000 persons have gone there, and nearly all have proven themselves industrious workers.

New Man Village occupies more than 200,000 *mou* of former wasteland in the northern part of Kiangsu province. The whole site is divided into settlement villages, general villages, schools, a home for the disabled, a 68-bed hospital and various other installations. There are many small shops and restaurants. Business is brisk; the daily turnover of one of the small groceries, for example, has on occasion approached sales of a similar shop in Shanghai itself.

The first batch of petty criminals arrived from Shanghai in the spring of 1950, a sorry group out of which to make new men. Those who had once been workers were unskilled in handling tools, and lacking in farming knowledge and technique. For them, refresher courses were in order—but what of those who had lived outside the law for as long as they could remember, who had never known any other kind of life? The more obstinate of these immediately attempted to escape, to return to their old practices.

Thus, the task facing the government workers assigned to New Man Village was not

Small group meetings are held daily by the residents to review the day's work. At the end of each year, awards are given to the active workers.

Houses in New Man Village were built on former wasteland.

an easy one. The reclamation bureau first employed a large number of civilian workers to help in the building of four villages, providing 1,700 dwellings for the settlers. The government workers also joined the newcomers in building roads and improving irrigation systems in newly reclaimed cotton fields.

The example set by the government employees, the government's willingness to spend large sums on the project and, lastly, the irrefutable eyewitness example of what can be accomplished through physical work made a deep impression on even the most hard-bitten. Today, these former social parasites are becoming new men and women.

There is no forced labor on the reclamation site; work is spontaneous, without armed guards. At present, many important positions are held by these formerly useless members of society. Recently more than 400 outstanding workers were selected to take up responsible posts and other technical work, although village heads and some other leading personnel are government workers.

One typical example of a new man is Chiang Pan-hsing, formerly an opium addict, now living with his wife and one child in one of the five settlement villages on the reclamation site. He has two other children; the elder son has just entered the pharmaceutical training class sponsored by the labor hospital, and the small daughter is studying in a primary school on the reclamation site.

At one time Chiang was prosperous and supported his family in comfort; when he became an addict, they were reduced to penury, and the children became street hawkers.

When sent to the village, a new life opened for him. Staff assigned to the village helped to show him what it meant to work for a living. He has worked assiduously and well, and as a result of his active participation in production, he has been promoted to sub-head of a village.

There are no idlers here; even the blind and partially disabled carry out simple jobs, such as making straw sandals and ropes. No one attempts to escape, and quite a few even desire to settle down permanently on the reclamation site.

This is only natural, as their life here is more pleasant, in every way, than their old life. Formerly they had freedom—freedom to starve, to freeze, to encounter the terrors of a Kuomintang prison, where beatings, starvation and general maltreatment were standard procedure, while torture, maiming and even killing of prisoners were not unusual.

Now, for the first time, they know security. And their children, growing up in the new society, will have all the advantages and opportunities now rapidly becoming available for all China's youth.

INCREASING CHINA'S ELECTRIC POWER

TO meet increasing demands for electric power brought on by China's first Five-Year Plan, huge sums of money are being invested in setting up new power plants and expanding the present installations in 1953. Funds for this purpose in 1953 are five times as much as the 1952 amount.

Further rationalizing of the existing capacity of the nation's power plants is also being emphasized. It has been officially estimated that with the same installations, power output this year can be raised one-fifth above that of 1952.

IN INNER MONGOLIA

Stores go to the People

CATTLE herdsmen assemble quickly from all directions when the welcome news of the arrival of the trading team spreads like a prairie wind through the Ssetzewang Banner in the Ulanchiapu League of Inner Mongolia.

The steppe takes on new life and gaiety; the visit of this mobile department store on horse-drawn carts is always an occasion for festivity among the nomads. They replenish their stores; buying all types of goods—household items, tools, cloth, stationery and books, harness and hunting equipment.

Prairie distances are vast, and this particular team of the China Trading Company had been nine days on the journey from its local headquarters at Ulanhua. In Chiechili Village, the wife of herdsman Shiliendal had hurried from her yurt to greet the team:

"Comrades, you are welcome!"

She quickly looked over the piles of goods in the heavily-laden carts; her face fell in disappointment.

"Comrades, what of our calf-skin boots?"

During the last visit of the trading team, all the leather boots had been sold before the team got as far as the Shiliendals. So the couple had asked the team to bring them two pairs on their next trip.

"Oh! Are you the Shiliendals? Certainly we brought your boots. How could we break our promise?"

From the depths of a pile of goods, the team leader pulled out two pairs of shining leather boots beautifully tooled with intricate designs.

"They're prettier than I dared to hope!" exclaimed Mrs. Shiliendal as she rubbed the lovely boots with her long sleeves.

On learning of the arrival of the mobile trading team, Shiliendal, who was tending sheep in the pasture, galloped home at top speed. Reaching his yurt, he dismounted and tried on the boots, which fitted him perfectly.

The Shiliendal family of five keep 400-odd sheep, over a dozen cattle and two horses. The mobile trading team saves them the trouble of traveling a great distance for their daily necessities. For a family who could barely keep themselves from hunger and cold before liberation, they are well-off now, as can be testified by their ability to buy Y2,832,700 worth of goods from the trading team on this one trip. Here is a list of their purchases:

Cotton drill (purple)	23	yards
Cotton drill (blue) ...	22	yards
Cotton cloth (coarse, blue)	5	bolts
"Chienmen" cotton cloth (blue)	12½	yards
Cotton cloth (white)	5	bolts
Calf-skin boots	2	pairs
White sugar	5	*catties*
Brown sugar	10	*catties*
Cigarettes	4	cartons
Plastic cigarette case	1	
Leaf tobacco	20	bundles
Tea	20	bricks
Dates	10	*catties*

(Flour and rice not included in this list).

This is not a mere shopping list. It is a vivid illustration of the radically improved life of the national minorities of new China. The Mongolian herdsmen of today are steady customers for all staples, and many can even afford to buy luxuries: silk and jade and coral ornaments.

ONCE, a leading staff member of the U League Trading Company went out to visit the steppeland clients himself

A trade exhibition held in a valley of Wulachabu Meng, one of the national minorities' autonomous regions in Inner Mongolia. Residents from all over the area make it a festive occasion when they come to do their trading.

中國百貨公司翁牛特旗百貨

These Inner Mongolian women are happy over the purchases they have just made from the trade exhibition set up by the China Trading Company. With improved living standards, they are buying many items that were formerly considered luxuries.

to see that all was in order. One of the persons interviewed was an elderly Mongolian woman. She said, "In the old days we poor people hardly ever drank tea, but only a brew made from dried weeds, for the merchants only gave us two bricks of tea in exchange for a fat sheep. Today, the trading caravans come right out to the encampments and bring goods at moderate prices. A sheep is now worth seven bricks of tea."

She was quite old and frail, but she had a keen memory, and spoke of the cruel taxes under the Kuomintang: a family owning five head of cattle was obliged to give up one as tax, there was a dog tax for those who kept dogs, a cart tax for those who owned carts, a yurt tax for those who lived in yurts....

"Dear Old Lady, these are things of the past," he consoled her.

"Yes, they are gone forever. I have lived many many years, but now for the first time I see the sun shining so brightly over the steppe."

— *T'AN CHIA-KUN*

Moving towards collectivization

Forming an Agricultural Producer Cooperative

IN new China, the trend in agriculture is away from small-scale individual farming and toward collective work. It was toward the end of 1951 that, after much discussion pro and con, mutual-aid teams in Ming Kih village in the Northeast were scheduled to move on to the next stage—producer cooperatives.

The Chen family, mutual-aid team members who had received their own land during agrarian reform, and had prospered, greeted the news with mixed emotions. The father, Chen Tsai, held back. The family now owned three horses and a big cart, and in the previous year had earned 130 *catties* of grain by hiring out the horses. He even considered getting out of the mutual-aid team.

The old man's son, Chen Kuo-fu, viewed it differently; he looked into the future and saw cooperatives as a step toward socialism. Aside from the material benefits, he reasoned it was his duty to help advance the nation's agricultural production. His arguments won over his mother. Mother, son and two horses joined the budding cooperative; father, one horse and cart stayed out.

Before following the Chen fortunes for the ensuing year, it would be well to consider just what an agricultural production cooperative, as distinguished from other cooperatives, is.

FIRST and foremost, the production cooperative is a step on the way to collectivization. More than land reform, it may be considered man reform. Although the land is still privately owned, the farmers begin to realize the value of collective effort and the accumulation of collective wealth.

This collectivization shows up dramatically the inefficiency of the system whereby each family tills its own individual holding on which it is difficult or even impossible to make use of new implements such as tractors—or even horse-drawn machines—new techniques and scientific division of labor.

In other words, on a small individual farm it is difficult to increase production. Moreover, at busy seasons, such as planting and harvesting, each member in a mutual-aid team is inclined to worry about his own plot, and will try to get the team to work on his land first. This sometimes leads to hard feelings and a consequent slow-down in work.

Since every mutual-aid team family raises the crops it needs on its own piece of land, each small plot is divided up amongst grain, cotton, vegetables—a most uneconomic form of production, virtually gardening rather than farming.

On the other hand, when land is pooled and utilized in a unified way by the cooperative, the choice of crops for any piece of land is determined by its character. Although each member retains a piece of land for personal use, he is not dependent on his own crop, and disputes over where to work first have disappeared. Moreover, collective tilling, sowing and harvesting enable the members to save much more time than formerly.

It is most important that the fruits of labor be fairly distributed. Credit is set at 10 points per day for ordinary labor, for a man or woman; skilled or difficult work rates higher. It is usual to pay fixed rates for land and hire of draught animals and implements. Then after expenses are paid, a small portion is set aside for reserve and welfare purposes. The remainder is divided according to work days.

Membership here is entirely voluntary and one may withdraw at any time. Criticism of self and of others is the democratic lever by which defects in members are brought to light and corrected. Democratic principles and discussion govern all solutions to questions of distribution of profits, purchase of farming necessities and so forth. Detailed accounts are posted regularly. Agricultural producer cooperatives are given first choice in securing government loans and priority in obtaining new-style farm implements at preferred prices, good seeds, insecticides and sprayers, and technical guidance of various kinds.

Agricultural cooperatives so far exist primarily in the Northeast and North China, where the rural economy has developed rapidly. The Northeast Bureau of the Chinese Communist Party recently held a rural work meeting and decided that during the next five years most individual farmers will have joined mutual-aid teams, which in turn will gradually be amalgamated so as to make producer cooperatives the main type of farming in this area. At the same time, the development of collective farms will be encouraged, also some state farms as experimental grounds for tractors.

The land to be used will include wasteland, which is to be irrigated; also arable land areas will be extended. The total value of production in the Northeast by 1957 will be an 80-100 percent increase over the 1952 planned production value.

Under present plans, supply and marketing cooperatives will be expanded to take up 90 percent of the work in that line; credit and loan cooperatives will be set up, and credit teams inside mutual-aid organizations will be encouraged. The people are learning everywhere the value of cooperation.

THUS will be seen something of what the mutual-aid teams of Ming Kih village had ahead of them. Most members of the teams were only too willing to join the cooperative movement; but some held back, fearing anything new.

Among these was one Chen Ping-wen, a geomancer who professed to know the "yang-ying" business and received a

Livestock fairs draw a large crowd of peasants who now can afford draught animals to replace the arduous manual work on the farms.

cock plus ¥20,000 when he prospected a piece of land for home or tomb according to wind-and-water rites. Joining a cooperative would give him less time to indulge in this practice. On the other hand, he did not want to be the only one not joining, and be considered backward. Therefore, he decided to do his best to prevent others from joining.

So while new cooperative members were discussing constitutional rules, Chen Ping-wen invited four men to his home across the village. Tentatively, he sent out trial balloons. "Who knows whether cooperatives are good?" he asked, blandly. "Perhaps it would be wiser to continue our mutual-aid team for another year."

"Your idea is sound," agreed one Liu, who had always been a rich farmer, and was a rugged individualist at heart. "If the crop is good, they'll put too much in the reserve, and there won't be much to take home. This idea comes from the top guys." He paused, and looked around. "The whole thing sounds fishy to me. I'm staying out."

Another Liu had been in a dilemma for many days. To join—but that would not be advantageous, as his land was reckoned among the best in the village. To stay out—but the three mainstays of the team had joined; it would be difficult to organize another team. To join—but he had never seen a cooperative before. To stay out — what if

Peasants examine the rice plants grown at a state farm from special improved seeds.

With the assistance of government workers, peasants measure out their land during land reform.

they who had joined the cooperative should harvest more? With knitted brows he pondered, then decided to stay out, and geomancer Chen Ping-wen was pleased with himself for having won these allies.

A year passed. Chen Tsai had used his cart to set himself up as a pottery merchant; of the dozen sets he bought, two and a half were broken, and some of the rest remained unsold. Because of his conservatism, he had hesitated to use the new King Copper seeds for more than two *mou* of his land; the other three *mou* brought forth a poor wheat harvest.

He hurriedly joined the cooperative when he saw that his wife and son had earned more than 60 *catties* of grain for each work day — earned by their labor and payment for the use of their horses and land--more than the whole family formerly earned.

The others who had stayed out blamed Chen Ping-wen. The second Liu was especially bitter; with his one horse he and his family could have earned 4,500 *catties* of grain if they had joined the cooperative; instead they earned only 3,000 *catties*. Retribution overtook Chen Ping-wen: his income was one-third less than it would have been in the cooperative, and besides, one of his horses died of exhaustion.

Ming Kih village now has seven producer cooperatives. No one doubts the advantages therefrom. But it is a reminder to all rural government workers leading the movement that the transition process is not all smooth sailing. It is more long-range and intricate than land reform, but it means a long step forward toward collective agriculture.

CHINA NOTES

Southwest's Industry Expands

IN line with new China's first Five-Year Plan, Southwest China, covering an area two and a half times the size of France and with a population of 70,000,000, is starting on the road to planned construction. This year will see the development of industry, the building of power plants and a beginning in the tapping of the vast natural resources of this hitherto undeveloped area.

Taking all branches of industry into account, investment this year will double last year's. Investment in the coal industry in 1953 will triple that of 1952, while 10 times as much will be spent in the non-ferrous metals industry. The overall target for industry output this year is 37 percent over 1952, with emphasis on heavy industry.

Most investment this year in heavy industry will be in new factories and opening of new mines and expansion of existing ones. By the beginning of May, 98 major construction projects were under way, including the setting up of the Southwest's largest power plant, a 10-mile tramway conveyor and an ore selection plant in one of the nation's largest tin producing areas of Yunnan province, and the expansion of the weaving department in a large Chungking textile mill.

Much of the Southwest's new industry will be set for operation this year and will help in achieving the area's production quotas which include the raising of output of steel ingots in 1953 by 59 percent, rolled steel by 37 percent, copper by 54 percent, iron by 12 percent, tin by 22 percent and cotton cloth by 46 percent.

Southwest China is rich in mineral ore, containing 70 percent of China's total copper deposits, 56 percent of its tin, 73 percent of its aluminum and 70 percent of its phosphorite. It also holds vast quantities of coal, iron, zinc, asbestos and oil. Tapping these resources is one of the keys to carrying out large-scale construction in new China.

Plans for building up the Southwest call for improving the area's transport facilities. The Tienshui-Chengtu Railway which is now being built, linking the Southwest with other parts of the country, will speed the supply of industrial equipment and installations. A highway network criss-crossing the area also is under construction.

To maintain a rapid pace in industrialization new technical schools have been opened for training technicians. In the first half of 1953, more than 10,000 future technicians were enroled in 19 new schools in the Southwest.

Oil Industry Developing

THE pre-liberation theory that China was lacking in oil deposits has been thrown out the window. Recent surveys throughout the country reveal that China has far richer deposits than was previously estimated. Long dependent on the big US and British oil companies for supplies, new China is rapidly developing her own oil resources.

Since the founding of the new government in October 1949 the oil industry has made great headway. New deposits have been discovered and new wells drilled. Extensive prospecting has disclosed that from the vast Northwest to the North China Plain, from the coal city of Fushun in the Northeast to the Kweichow-Yunnan Plateau, across the Hunan-Kwangsi hills and in the Szechuen Basin, oil deposits are everywhere. Last year China produced nearly 20 percent more oil than in any year before liberation.

Plans for 1953 call for continued prospecting in the Northwest and Southwest. Fifty-two teams have set out to examine 60,000 square kilometers known to contain oil bearing rock in the Northwest. These will be joined by 97 other teams, comprising more than 1,200 people, a five-fold increase over last year. The oil-searching teams are outfitted with the most up-to-date equipment. More than a dozen working teams left Tihua, capital of Sinkiang, China's most outlying province, in April.

Far to the south, in Szechuen, large-scale prospecting for oil began in early spring, covering one-third of the province's total area of some 350,000 square kilometers. Altogether, 27 teams were scheduled to carry out the work in Szechuen.

Efforts are being intensified in Southwest China as a whole where large oil deposits are believed to exist. The aggregate depth of wells to be drilled this year, for example, will be 60 percent more than the total in the entire 10 years before liberation.

Development of the oil industry in Northeast China has brought about greatly increased consumption in this area, the industrial heart of new China. Consumption last year equalled the combined total for 1950 and 1951. This year 50 percent more oil will be available compared with 1952.

Commenting on the big future for China's oil industry, the Peking *People's Daily* paid tribute to the contribution made by Soviet geologists who, in the face of previous "expert" opinion, have constantly advanced the view that China must be rich in oil deposits, maintaining that the nature of China's rock formations and the fact that the country is surrounded by oil producing countries such as the Soviet Union, Mongolia, Burma, India and Pakistan guarantees oil deposits. Their theory that oil fields are spread over extensive areas in China has been borne out by geological surveys in the past few years.

China's Egg Exports

CHINA is one of the world's greatest exporters of eggs and egg products. At its peak, in 1936, the country exported a total of 2,722,080,000 eggs.

Since the setting up of the people's government in 1949 China's egg production and exports have rapidly recovered from the low level reached under the Chiang Kai-shek government. In 1946 only 61 tons of eggs were exported. Last year there was a 43 percent increase compared with normal output in the 1930's.

Today, China can fill orders considerably above pre-war demands and still have increased supplies for a home market which is constantly expanding as a result of rising living standards. Since land reform, which gave tens of millions of peasants their own land, improved supplies of feed have helped increase poultry stocks.

Government aid has helped revive the egg processing plants, which are chiefly privately owned. New methods of cooperative collection and marketing of eggs, government low-interest loans, tax exemptions and improved communications have all played a part in the restoration of the export trade.

ONE of the reasons for the popularity of China's eggs and egg products is their rich fat content: On August 9, 1951, the *Financial Times* in London stated: "In the production of bakery goods it is impossible to find suitable substitutes for the eggs imported from China." Another reason is that China's eggs and egg products, because of their abundance, are cheap; generally, they are about 10 percent cheaper than those produced in the US.

Immediately after the establishment of the new Chinese government, in 1949 and the first half of 1950 several thousand tons of egg products were exported to the US. Even more went to West Europe, especially to egg-rationed Britain. However, as a result of the US-inspired blockade and Washington pressure, Britain's imports of eggs from China dropped greatly. This decline in the latter part of 1950 and 1951 sent prices up and lowered the quality of foodstuffs containing eggs or egg products in Britain. By 1952, however, egg products were again being imported from China in considerable quantities.

In Memory of Agnes Smedley

ON May 6, 1951, Agnes Smedley's ashes were buried in Peking in accordance with her last wishes. Every year, on this day, a memorial meeting paying tribute to this American friend of the Chinese people is held in the nation's capital, attended by Chinese and foreigners.

Speaking at this year's ceremony at her grave in Peking's Revolutionary Cemetery, Chou Yang, vice-chairman of the All-China Federation of Literary and Art Circles, stated: "Both by her writings and activities, Agnes Smedley showed her deep sympathy with the Chinese revolution and supported it firmly. She never wavered in her confidence in the strength and will of the Chinese people."

Continuing, Chou Yang told the gathering that Agnes Smedley made it clear that "the American people are and will be friends of the Chinese people. She was a true representative of the American people."

Among the Chinese gathered to pay tribute to Agnes Smedley this year were Sha Ko-fu, secretary of the All-China Federation of Literary and Art Circles; Kang Ke-ching and Liao Meng-hsing of the All-China Democratic Women's Federation and Chao Shu-li, well-known author.

BOOKS OF INTEREST

DIE REISE NACH KANTON (Journey to Canton). F.C. Weiskopf. Dietz Publishing House, Berlin, 1953. Reviewed by A.W.

IN "Journey to Canton" Mr. Weiskopf, former Czechoslovak ambassador to China and a well-known writer and poet, has filled a great need felt by the German-reading public—he has produced an interesting, colorful and instructive book on new China. In the past, interest in China was limited to the Sinologists who, for their own edification, published long, learned tomes on the philosophy, art and ancient history of China, works beyond the understanding of the man in the street—and occasional travel descriptions which emphasized the Oriental strangeness of the "Celestials" and their quaint country, and followed the line "East is East and West is West. . . ."

During the Nazi regime, Germans were required to view China through the eyes of official Japanese propaganda, that is, as a country unable to govern itself and populated by opium-smoking, degenerate, illiterate subhumans who needed the Japanese to bring order into their chaotic country—or at least a "fuehrer" like Chiang Kai-shek, the ideal of the German military mission of the thirties.

After the war when the Germans, after so many years of Nazi-controlled literature, had at last access to a wider range of books, a number of translations about China appeared, and aroused lively interest. People in the German Democratic Republic, especially, are eager to know more about the developments and changes, and the problems of the new democracy in China against the background of the past. This book, written in German, is therefore an important contribution to a better knowledge of China and the life of her people.

"JOURNEY TO CANTON" is, in the author's own words, "neither complete nor impartial. Two eyes cannot see all of this immense country; moreover, China, her people and her victorious revolution are too close to the author's heart for him to want to deny, or even be able to deny, his love for them, for the sake of so-called objective reporting."

Mr. Weiskopf's experiences of his two and a half years' stay in China, and his extensive studies of Chinese history, art and literature formed a background for his impressions on his short trip to Canton. Nor was Canton strange to him; the very name of this city aroused many memories.

More than 20 years ago in a little country inn in his homeland he heard the news of the bloody suppression of the heroic Canton Commune, and he wrote a poem giving expression to his faith that the red star would rise yet again over Canton. He also remembered that Agnes Smedley wrote in 1932 that "a ghost is haunting Canton. It is the spectre of the Commune. . . . No one has forgotten. . . ."

The author met in government offices, factories, union meetings and schools, the men and women who took part in that uprising against exploitation; he was introduced to them with the words, "He too is one of those days"—significant words hiding much suffering, blood, pain and greatness. For the people are reluctant to talk about their personal experiences of the past and eager to tell him of their present-day problems and achievements.

He saw for himself what is being done and how problems are overcome by the will and the strength of the people. "A workshop for the production of new men" is how the chief engineer in charge spoke of the repair work on the bridge over the Pearl River. Engineer and workers together have changed to a new outlook, and have turned to new methods. The engineer had thought that it was impossible to repair the bridge with the primitive means available after the Kuomintang had wrecked it before fleeing from Canton, yet he learned that the impossible became possible because the workers developed forces such as are not mentioned in any textbook.

Another type of workshop for the production of new men is the six-story building where the Canton union headquarters are housed. Inside it is like a beehive—people hurrying everywhere. And the portraits of Marx and Engels with their slightly Oriental look as portrayed quite unconsciously by Chinese artists, and their names in Chinese characters — Ma-ke-sze and En-ke-sze — seem to be quite a natural part of this building with the green temple-like roof and the round lamps with the painted junks, a building that is so full of lively and enthusiastic working people preparing themselves for the many new responsibilities that face and await them.

ALTHOUGH descriptions of men and events in the new China fill most of Weiskopf's book, the shades of a cruel and terrible past are here, too. There is the long-gowned, fat merchant whom the author meets in a restaurant, bemoaning the fact that the "good old days" are gone, the days when the idle rich feasted on dinners consisting of dozens of exquisite specialities. On a bench in Shameen his foreign counterpart, a French wine merchant, missed his former customers for champagne and wines, the foreign imperialists who termed Canton the Little Paris of Asia. . . .

But there are also the less ridiculous and much more cruel memories of the past. . . . .the "garden of flowery joys" which never meant joy and happiness to its denizens, only sorrow and shame. Now Weiskopf saw the place changed to a school and advisory center where all the wrongs and indignities they had formerly suffered were brought to light and where a new, free and productive life was mapped out for them.

Weiskopf describes one of the meetings where in the presence of her comrades one of the women told her story of bitterness. "It was almost like the auditorium of a university clinic when a difficult case is demonstrated." And in fact it was the exposing of the tissue of a malicious social tumor, then deciding on the proper therapy, even an operation, if necessary.

No one who has visited Canton or even read a description of this city will forget to mention the river people who for generations have lived and died in a small city of boats.

For generations too, they had been exploited and despised, therefore it was not easy to overcome their suspicions, when after liberation they were told they were included in the general planning for a better life. Even when finally convinced that education, conveniences and health were meant for them, they were still reluctant to send their children ashore; Weiskopf describes their floating schools, clinics, libraries and cooperative stores.

THE book does not lack colorful depiction of the aromas and hubbub of street life in this southern city. We read of the magic art of cooking—brought to its quintessence in Canton—its strange raw materials and spices, the sounds of musical instruments and street venders, the mysteries of Chinese medicines, the whole multicolored variety of seething street life in the old city.

The author's humor and freshness, and his curiosity as to the present and the future, make us feel like happy travelling companions. The many individual impressions and descriptions of his "Journey" unite into one picture—we see the "whole garden in the drop of water," people who have taken their lives and their future into their own hands, full of young energy and wise prudence. The flag of the Commune is waving everywhere, and its spirit lives in a free, prosperous and happy city.

DAS EISERNE BUFFELCHEN (*The Little Iron Buffalo*). *Alex Wedding. Verlag Neues Leben (New Life Publishing House) Berlin, 1952. Reviewed by A.W.*

ALEX Wedding is the pen-name of Mrs. Weiskopf, who, together with her husband, lived in China for 18 months and has collected much of the material for her book from personal experiences: visits to children's homes in Peking like the one described in this book, and talks with children and their teachers, so that the story is based on actual events.

The book is dedicated "to the German brothers and sisters of Chinese youth, especially to those who wear the blue shirt of the FDJ (Free German Youth) and the Thalmann Pioneer kerchief. It is dedicated to the young German patriots, who learn, work and fight for a united Germany, a Germany of peaceful construction."

The hero of the book, the 11-year-old orphan Tie-niu, "Iron Buffalo" is a promising peasant lad, sent by his village to Peking to attend school. This is Peking shortly after liberation, and Tie-niu, naive and trusting, falls into the clutches of a beggar band run by vicious Kuomintang agents. We see the Peking of those days through the eyes of Tie-niu and his companions, and then the changes of city and people.

When the people's government starts to break up the beggar bands, he and his companions are brought to a school, and the book describes very vividly their suspicions, their problems, their relapses and finally their happy transformation into healthy, happy children who only then start their real life.

GOOD points: Lively and interesting, a good story with the flavor of reality. Important for young readers, especially in Germany.

NOT-SO-GOOD point: Too much translation of names has been done in the past by writers of "China stories" who make the reader, and the young reader especially, feel that the Chinese are so strange and quaint with such funny names as—in this book—Aunt Silver, Cloud and Cinnamon Bud.

The difference in milieu and local color can well be portrayed, and have been in this book, without taking refuge in these outdated means.

THAT'S WHY I WENT by Monica Felton, published by Lawrence & Wishart, London, 1953. Price 6/6. Reviewed by S.C.

THIS is the story of Mrs. Felton's trip to North Korea in the spring of 1951 as a British delegate with the group sent by the Women's International Democratic Federation to investigate North Korean charges of atrocities.

It is moreover the report of a change in attitude of a sensitive and spirited woman who insisted on seeing for herself before taking anything for granted.

What she did see in her 10 days visit to North Korea led her to make outspoken speeches on her return to England denouncing the terrible deeds being committed against the Korean people.

The result: she was discharged from her position as head of a town planning corporation in London, but she continued to tell the British people the ghastly facts about the Korean war. She has been honored with the International Stalin Peace Prize and is known and admired by peace workers throughout the world.

Writing in an intimate and very readable way, Mrs. Felton portrays the personalities of the other women included in the group, which represented most diverse views and varied backgrounds.

Before the 20 women set foot in Korea, there were heated arguments among them about what and how they should report things. After they had seen the ruined cities, talked with hundreds of Korean people, watched the incessant bombings of the already ruined homes, they had no difficulty in agreeing on their joint report, which has since been circulated and made known to millions of others throughout the world.

It took courage for these women, many in comfortable surroundings, to make the trip to war-torn Korea; it took more courage to face the grief and heartbreaking sights in that land; but the final test came in telling the people of the West what their countrymen are doing to a brave and heroic people.

Mrs. Felton is frank about her own views. She wanted to be objective from start to finish—to learn the truth. She tried to suppress her emotions, but emotions came seething forth when she saw with her own eyes the tragedies in Korea. It was this sight, this new knowledge, that has made her the out-spoken peace fighter she is today.

And with her excellent book, it is possible to put this knowledge into the hands of many thousands in the West who still have questions about the Korean War. It is a book that must be circulated widely.

Chinese Youth Enjoys a Happy Life. 78 pp. All-China Federation of Democratic Youth, Peking.

NEW China has opened unlimited opportunities to the nation's youth, and the youth are enthusiastically responding. In the factories they are promoting the emulation campaigns to increase production; on the farms they are experimenting with scientific methods and urging collective labor to increase their output; and in the universities sons and daughters of workers and peasants are gaining the most advanced technical knowledge to fill the urgent demand in all branches of science for trained personnel.

Their enthusiasm is contagious, for one cannot see them in their group dances and singing, their sports activities, or watch their pride in their country's achievements without realizing also what a great future lies ahead of them. And this timely booklet leaves that impression too. Illustrated with excellent photographs, it will reach a grateful audience among the youth of all lands. In the colonial countries it points toward their own future; and in the capitalist countries it shows the peaceful pursuits and high ideals of new China's youth.

Report to Readers

WE have received a number of inquiries from readers abroad about living conditions of foreigners in China. Some have been accompanied by clippings from various Western newspapers and magazines describing how foreigners unlucky enough to have been "caught" in China by the revolution now live virtually in fear of their lives, confined to their houses, impoverished to the verge of starvation, and so on and so on.

Well, how *do* foreigners fare in the new China? By and large they fare pretty well. But before having a closer look at the daily doings of this community, let's first see just who these foreigners are and why they are here.

In the "old days" when China was a semi-colony, life for the foreigners, most of whom are businessmen, was a really soft touch. They were the owners, the managers, the directors, in short, the bosses. There were no hewers of wood or drawers of water among them—such jobs being reserved for the Chinese.

And how did they live? It is only necessary to walk around the residential districts to find out. One big real estate and stock market operator called his house, with no exaggeration, Marble Palace. Set in close to a square block of landscaped garden, it has a ballroom large enough to accommodate 600 persons. Another foreign taipan, a bachelor, lived in a 30-room house, keeping a full stable and 19 dogs for company. One successful American lawyer erected a close replica of Mount Vernon. Shanghai has hundreds of such residences where the foreign community's leading men of "affairs" lived in state.

What has happened to these foreign businessmen since liberation? The first thing that happened was that they lost their old privileges and immunities. Thus, for the first time since Western merchants arrived in China more than a century ago, foreign businessmen have been forced to compete on a basis of equality with Chinese businessmen.

In addition there has been a general clean-up all along the line. Organization of companies, issuance of stocks and bonds now require something more than the promoter's verbal assurances and a nicely printed prospectus.

The new officialdom cannot be bribed. Smuggling, racketeering, stealing and other forms of gangsterism on the wharfs is a thing of the past. A tariff system designed to foster the development of internal industry has been established. Import of unnecessary luxury goods and all sorts of harmful and fraudulent articles is now banned. Foreign exchange is controlled and Shanghai is no longer an international blackmarket center for foreign currencies and gold bullion.

Such developments, while beneficial to business as a whole, were received with dismay by the foreign community, which had profited in large measure precisely because of the chaos and corruption prevailing in cities such as Shanghai. Hundreds of fly-by-night entrepreneurs were wiped out by the clean-up, while even the big, long-established firms, although professing to welcome the new law and order, actually viewed each concrete step in this direction as "unwarranted interference" with private business.

However, it has been America's "cold war" which has taken the biggest toll in the foreign community. With trade between China and the United States at a standstill, and trade with Western Europe at a trickle, an increasing number of businessmen have been forced to liquidate and go home. Nevertheless, Shanghai (and Tientsin) still has a foreign merchant community of a few hundred.

And how do these foreign businessmen live? Do they sit cowering in their houses with the "secret police" peering in at the window, as the Western press would have us believe? Hardly. They go to their offices as usual, eat and drink as much as ever, play golf, throw parties on Saturday nights and go to church on Sundays. They live in well-appointed apartments or houses and maintain domestic staffs (something few of them could afford at home) to do the cooking and cleaning. Those who have cars drive them as usual. Despite its decreased numbers, Shanghai's foreign business community manages to keep up its golf course and a couple of private social clubs. Practically every last member, we would venture, enjoys a considerably higher standard of living here than he would at home.

How, then, to explain the stories of poverty-stricken, terrorized foreign businessmen carried by the Western press? Like most of other "sensational" stories about China—the floods, famines, riots—they are made up of whole cloth, some with benefit of rumor, some without even that.

But what of the occasional "exposé" given by a departing businessman when he meets the press upon his return home? For the businessman, China is no longer the same old happy hunting ground, and who could expect him to be happy about that?

Before liberation Standard, Texas and Shell oil companies, operating on the basis of a price-fixing agreement, charged all the traffic would bear. Today China buys petroleum products from the Soviet Union at reasonable prices and is rapidly increasing her own oil output.

In the past China spent millions of dollars yearly buying cotton from Anderson Clayton and other big cotton dealers—often being forced to pay scandalous prices. Today she is raising almost enough cotton for her own needs and imports much less than before. Previously China bought thousands of tons of rice, wheat and other cereals from the United States alone, often paying above world market prices. After liberation agricultural production rose so rapidly that within a couple of years she was self-sufficient in all major cereals.

In the past China was one of the main dumping-grounds for American and Western European manufactured goods and a chief source for cheap raw materials. Today, this has all changed. China still wants to buy legitimate commodities at fair prices, but she declines to return to her old semi-colonial, backward, impoverished condition.

However, the Western governments, particularly the American, ever sensitive to the feelings of the big entrepreneurs, will be fully satisfied with nothing short of a turning back of the clock. The press campaign against new China is just one prong of the overall attack, fed afresh from time to time by an "eyewitness" report from a departing ex-merchant prince whose longing for the "good old days" blinds him to every concrete achievement of the new China and makes him a ready transmitter (and frequent embellisher) of any and all rumors, no matter how far-fetched.

SEVERAL readers have also written in asking what people do in their spare time. Some have said they get the impression (from the *Review*) that the Chinese people are so busy building dams, leveling mountains and in general re-making their country that they have no time for relaxation or entertainment.

If we've created such an impression, it's been unintentional. The fact of the matter is that the Chinese manage to squeeze in about as much after-work relaxation as is humanly possible. Shanghai, for example, has 49 theaters devoted to opera and stage productions operating 365 days a year—a record few, if any, other cities of comparable size in the world can match.

Peking opera and Shaoshing opera are the most popular forms of Chinese opera but others such as Shanghai opera, also draw good crowds. Peking opera fans have had an unusual opportunity during the past two months to see two of the country's outstanding performers, Mei Lan-fan and Cheng Yen-chiu, both of whom are now playing in Shanghai.

Many theaters give both afternoon and evening performances of Shaoshing opera, and daily attendance is estimated at 100,000! A unique feature of this opera is that all roles are played by women.

Movies are also well attended, with many theaters hanging out the "house full" sign day after day. Chinese movies make up the bulk of the films shown, but there is also a steady supply of Soviet and Eastern European films, all of the latter being dubbed into Chinese.

Radio, which was never really developed in the past, has become a big thing in new China. All major cities have one or more stations, while several interesting experiments in regional and national hook-ups, special radio nights, and so on have been conducted.

The years since liberation have also seen a growing interest in the cultures of the country's minority peoples. Art troupes from the different minority areas tour the country regularly—as do visiting groups of artists from the Soviet Union and the people's democracies.

Modern ballroom dancing has become something of a rage in recent years. Labor unions, government offices and other organizations have regular Saturday night dances in the union halls. Larger cities, such as Shanghai, also have ballrooms and supper clubs with nightly dancing.

On the "heavier" side, there are a never-ending series of exhibitions which give facts and figures on the different aspects of China today. These include exhibitions on agriculture, commerce, various types of industry, painting, handicrafts, and historical themes.

Shanghai's new 1,000,000-volume library and the new museum also draw large crowds, while the city's parks—recently augmented by a new one in the heart of the city (on ground which was formerly the foreigners' exclusive race course)—have been spruced up and are filled to capacity with grown-ups and children on sunny days.

The parks are also centers for athletic events which have become a part of almost everyone's life recently. All have varying amounts of athletic equipment, while some have ball grounds and one, Hongkew Park, houses a new stadium seating 30,000 people. On weekends every piece of equipment and every field is in use as labor union teams battle student teams or army or navy units take on teams from different government offices.

Far from having no time for recreational and cultural relaxation, the people of new China devote an enormous amount of time to such activities, which, of course, reflects their rising standard of living.

SINCE we gave him a "credit line" a few months back, our anonymous reader in Hongkong who sends us clippings has been busier than ever. Our suggestion that he had official connections apparently hit close to home as he immediately sat down and wrote us a reply, offering by way of "explanation" a story about how the United States Information Service gave him their "extra" airmail copies of the *New York Times* (one copy via airmail to Hongkong costs several hundred US dollars per year) because he was such a "good customer" of the American library.

Since then he apparently has become an even better customer as he has been sending us occasional copies of the official FYI (For Your Information) bulletins of the American Consulate. While his selection has not improved much, he still manages—no doubt inadvertently—to include an interesting item now and then.

One such item recently received was a small booklet entitled "Points at Issue," which purports to prove why the

Soviet Union is responsible for everything that's wrong with the world today.

Glancing through the first few pages our eye fell on the following passage: "In Russian Asia, also, Moscow has consolidated her hold . . . and there is some evidence of her penetration in Inner Mongolia (9)." Pleased to note the evidence of such scholarly things as footnotes, which we presumed indicated the author's intention of documenting all "factual" statements, we looked down at the bottom of the page for footnote "9." It read as follows: "Notes on authorities quoted in this section will be found on page 9."

We turned to page 9 where there were a few footnotes referring to various international treaties and such and, at the bottom, footnote 9, instructing us as follows: "See 'Russians in China,' page 53." We hastily turned to page 53 where we found some comments on Sino-Soviet economic agreements and related matters but nothing about Inner Mongolia. However, at the bottom of the page was a new footnote giving a new set of directions: "Notes on authorities quoted in this section will be found on page 57."

Alas, page 57 had more footnotes about China's economic vassalage to the Soviet Union, but still nothing about Inner Mongolia. However, at the bottom of the page was a footnote to the footnotes, declaring, (as you may have guessed) "Notes on authorities quoted in this section will be found on page 58."

Having come this far we decided we might as well stick it out. On page 58 we again read various footnotes about how the Russians have walked off with Dairen, pumped out all of Rumania's oil, and so on, but still no Inner Mongolia. Unfortunately, there was no footnote to the footnotes at the bottom of this page, but just as we were beginning to suspect that our quest had reached a dead end, we spotted a lone footnote on the top of page 59.

A quick glance and we saw that our search had been rewarded. Here at long last was the evidence of how the Soviet Union had "penetrated" Inner Mongolia! The evidence was so overwhelming, so doubtless the product of careful and profound scholarship that we quote it in its entirety:

Report to Readers . . . .

"The *New China News Agency* reported on 16th June, 1950, that there had been signs of an increase in production since the use of new farm tools, bought from the Soviet Union. On 30th April the agency said that a 'film group' had been sent to Kweisui and Paotou to 'promote propaganda and education on Chinese-Soviet friendship.'"

Such diabolical cunning the world has probably never before witnessed. Think of it. Selling the Mongolians new-fangled farming tools when everybody knows the old wooden plows are so much better. And then to top it off, the people's government recklessly sends a mobile movie team to visit Inner Mongolian cities to show, among other things, Soviet films.

* * *

WHILE it is never exactly pleasant to put out the last issue of a magazine, especially when you've been closely associated with it for any length of time, there are (in our case, at least) certain compensations. We are especially glad that we managed to stay around long enough to see the Chinese people put an end to the old state of disorder and start building a new life for themselves. It has been one of the great periods of history and we feel particularly fortunate to have been able to witness it at such close range.

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to all those who have helped us in various ways. Our Chinese and foreign contributors without whose help we could never have put past issues together. After all, it's the contributors who really write the magazine. Particular mention must also be made of our readers, whose support has enabled us to keep going as long as we have. Many readers abroad have "put up" with an awful lot during the last year or two, regularly renewing their subscriptions even though they sometimes missed more issues than they received.

A number of readers have asked what our plans are. We shall be returning to our own country, but we shall always remember these years in China, the long struggle of the Chinese people for a better life and their ultimate success.

上海延安東路一六〇號密勒氏評論報發行
上海香港路一一七號國營上海印刷廠承印

CHINA MONTHLY REVIEW

INDEX for Jan.-July 1953

CHINA

Agriculture

	Month	Page
Agricultural Production Soars	January	59
Prosperity Comes to Yen Chia Village...Tu Jen-tzu	March	297
Self-Sufficient in Cotton	March	322
How China Solved Her Food Problem...Jagdishchandra Jain	April	30
A State Farm...Hsu Chien	April	41
Old Man Li Joins a Mutual-Aid Team	April	54
Equal Pay for Equal Work	May	54
The End of Landlordism...Shih Shan-yang	June	22
Growth of Mutual-Aid Teams	June	70
Victory over Famine...Shirley Ray Wood	July	41
Fukien's Story: From Food Importer to Exporter...Chen Fu-sheng	July	82
Forming an Agricultural Producer Cooperative	July	113

Communications

Transfer of Changchun Railway	March	325
Northwest Railway...Hsiao Feng	April	48
At the Tienshui Railway Station	April	50

Conservancy

The Tyrant is Tamed...Ray Gardner	February	126
China's Mineral Reserves	February	189
Developing Natural Resources	May	75
New Artificial Port	May	104

Culture and Education

Tunhuang Caves	January	52
A Nation Goes to School	January	62
Tientsin (poem)...Rewi Alley	January	75
"Night-Crowing Rooster" (short story)	January	76
The Huai in North Kiangsu...Rewi Alley	February	136
"Reunion" (short story)	February	191
Women and China's Theater...Sidney Shapiro	March	242
Science in New China...Li Ssu-kuang	March	252
Education in Kwangtung...Chen Kuo-hua	March	301
"The Contract" (short story)	March	315
Technical Schools Expanding	March	323
A Peasant Artist	April	56
The Village Teacher...H. C. Huang	May	38
"Scolding the Lanterns"...Shirley Ray Wood	May	47
Poet Ch'u Yuan...Gladys Tayler Yang	May	58
Panchen Lama's Historic Residence (picture spread)	May	80
Reorganization of China's Colleges...Tsao Wei-feng	June	14
New Technical School in Shanghai	June	20
People Learn to Read...H. C. Huang	June	52

Illiteracy Wiped Out in a Shensi Village . . . . . . June 54
Peking Primary School. . Julian Schuman . . . . . June 60
Books for Children...Shirley Ray Wood . . . . . June 65
"The Great World"...Yang Li-hsin . . . . June 74
Puppet Drama in Fukien...H. C. Huang . . . . . July 31
The Poets of T'ang...Rewi Alley . . . . July 34
Our YWCA Literacy Class...Betty Chandler Chang . . . July 60
Education in New China...Gladys Tayler Yang . . . . July 84
"School Days Ended" (short story) . . . . July 94

Economic: Industry and Finance

Revival of Soochow's Handicraft Industry...Kao Fan . . . January 56
A Tale of Two Factories...John W. Powell . . . . . January 67
New Industry in Former Capital . . . . January 99
Private Business in China...Harold Fletcher . . . . February 142
Made in China...Yang Li-hsin . . . . February 159
Rising Purchasing Power . . . . February 187
Five-Year Plan (editorial) . . . . March 227
Private Factory in Shanghai. . Joseph Starobin . . . . March 263
Industrialization Begins...Walter Illsley . . . . . April 13
A Factory in New China...Julian Schuman . . . . . April 79
A Budget for Peace (editorial) . . . . May 7
Settlement of Pre-war Deposits (editorial) . . . . . May 11
China's Industries...Duncan C. Lee . . . . May 27
Tools for Industry . . . . June 45
The Tung Chuan Mines...Yu Shiang-shen . . . . . July 46
Hunting for Ores in the Mountains...Tien Ping-shan . . July 48
The New World Market...John Carter . . . . . . July 50

Foreign Relations

American Press and China News (editorial) . . . . . January 7
Sino-Soviet Friendship (editorial) . . . . February 121
Telling the Folks About New China . . . . May 4
Soviet Aid to New China...Ho Tun-sun . . . . . . May 50
Chinese People Mourn Stalin's Death . . . . . . May 79
China-Ceylon Trade . . . . June 69
Chinese People Protest Injustice to Rosenbergs . . . . June 72

Justice

Justice in New China...Joseph Starobin . . . . . . February 137
Peking Prison...Hugh Hardyman . . . . March 237
New Man Village . . . . July 106

Labor

A Place for Workers . . . . February 162
Shanghai Workers' Club...Yang Li-hsin . . . . . . April 52
New World for Workers...Julian Schuman . . . . . . May 21
A Challenge to U.S. Workers...Louis A. Wheaton . . . May 43
Workers Become Engineers...Grace Liu . . . . . . July 15

Minorities

Fukien's Minority Peoples . . . . January 92
Minorities in Yunnan...Chang Shu-i . . . . February 206
Minority Herdsmen...Cheng Loo . . . . March 259
Letter from Lhasa...P. Y. Wang . . . . April 20

Home Rule for Tibetan Minorities...Chang Jen-kai . . . July 58
Stores go to the People . . . . July 110

Miscellaneous

Floating City on The Pearl River...Chen Kuo-hua . . . . January 32
I Visit My Old Home...Finlay MacKenzie . . . . . . January 37
Letter from Fushun . . . . January 48
China's Largest Province, Sinkiang . . . . January 82
Battle in Our Lane...Shirley Wood Huang . . . . . . January 87
Letter to an American Friend...Sophia Chang . . . . January 95
Service to the People...C. R. Chi . . . . February 149
A People's Soldier...Rewi Alley . . . . February 155
Religion in China Today...Talitha Gerlach . . . . . February 164
Report from Ipin...Chang Jen-kai . . . . February 175
People and Places in New China...Julian Schuman . . . February 195
China's Feet Unbound (book review) . . . . February 215
Impressions of New China...Gur Bakhsh Singh . . . . March 231
Chungking Today...Chen Shan-yi . . . . March 248
New China (book review) . . . . March 328
Letter to an English Friend . . . . April 45
Shanghai Revisited...H. Courtney Archer . . . . . . April 68
Going to Market in Shanghai...Muriel Hoopes . . . . April 74
New Look for Nanchang . . . . May 69
Facts on New China . . . . May 76
Letter from Lanchow...Lin Chi-han . . . . May 88
China Today (book review) . . . . May 108
New China at a Glance (book review) . . . . May 109
Spring in Far-Off Sinkiang (letter) . . . . June 6
500 Million Customers (editorial) . . . . June 9
Old Silk Road...Rewi Alley . . . . June 26
Letter from Soochow...Kao Fan . . . . June 49
Report from Yunnan...Chang Shu-i . . . . June 80
End of the Crisis Years (editorial) . . . . July 5
Nanking's New Union Theological Seminary...K. H. Ting . July 11
The Old Border Region...William Hinton . . . . . . July 68
Fukien Forges Ahead...Ho Tun-sun . . . . July 79
Time for Lunch...Muriel Hoopes . . . . July 90
36 Years Ago in the Review . . . . July 100
Journey to Canton (book review) . . . . July 122
The Iron Buffalo (book review) . . . . July 124

Overseas Chinese

Letter to a Former Schoolmate...Xenia Cheng . . . . February 171
Two Who Came Back...Julian Schuman . . . . March 277

Peace Conference

Foreigners Visit China (editorial) . . . . January 10
Vision of Sanity...Anita Willcox . . . . January 13
Let us Grasp the Hand of Friendship . . . . January 18
"Ho Ping Wan Sui!" ("Long Live Peace!") . . . . . . January 46

Political

National Elections (editorial) . . . . March 229
China's United Front...Joseph Starobin . . . . April 88

National Election Law . . . . . May 74
The Neighbors Meet...Betty Chandler Chang . . . . . June 34
Some Misconceptions about New China...E. R. Lapwood . June 39

Public Health

Aid for the People...H. C. Huang . . . . . April 35
A Healthy Nation . . . . . April 83

Taiwan

"Unleashing Chiang!!!" (editorial) . . . . . April 7
KMT Aggression in Burma . . . . . June 86

Welfare

How Unemployed Fare . . . . . March 268

Women and Children

The Army and the Children...Gladys Taylor Yang . . . . . March 273
Women in China (editorial) . . . . . April 10
Marriage Law in Action...Shirley Ray Wood . . . . . April 58
Our Young Pioneers...Grace Liu and Betty Chang . . . . . May 32
A Remarkable Woman...Joseph Starobin . . . . . May 63
Women in Industry . . . . . June 71
A Widow Remarries...P. Y. Wang . . . . . June 78

KOREA

Germ Warfare

Report of the International Scientific Commission (book review) March 326
Proof of Germ Warfare . . . . . May 92

Prisoners of War

Stop the War!...Monica Felton . . . . . January 20
American POW's Want Peace Now . . . . . January 28
Letters from American POW's . . . . . February 178
POW Messages from Korea . . . . . March 306
POW's Letter to Eisenhower . . . . . April 72
POW Olympics in Korea (picture spread) . . . . . June 56
Thoughts of Returned POW's Worry US Army . . . . . July 66

General

Hidden History of the Korean War (book review) . . . . . January 106
Stalling the Peace Talks (editorial) . . . . . February 119
Korean Students...K. J. Wei . . . . . February 152
New Korean Peace Offer (editorial) . . . . . June 9
That's Why I Went (book review) . . . . . July 124

MISCELLANEOUS

Solving the Kashmir Dispute . . . . . January 42
To Japanese Scientists...Joan Hinton . . . . . January 64
Two Leaves and a Bud (book review) . . . . . February 216
The Mongolian People's Republic . . . . . March 289
Clash of Empires...Robert Westgate . . . . . May 14
Situation in Viet-Nam . . . . . May 86
The Press at Work (editorial) . . . . . June 12
American Shadow Over India (book review) . . . . . June 89
Visit to Free Viet-Nam...Joseph Starobin . . . . . July 20

FOR Accurate, Analytical & Forthright Interpretation of Events in India

FOR Detailed Information of the Struggle of India's Millions for Bread and Freedom

◆

READ

Progressive Newsweekly

CROSSROADS

Subscriptions and single copies
available at Guodzi Shudian.
38 Soochow Hutung, Peking

Yo Banfa!

(We Have a Way!)

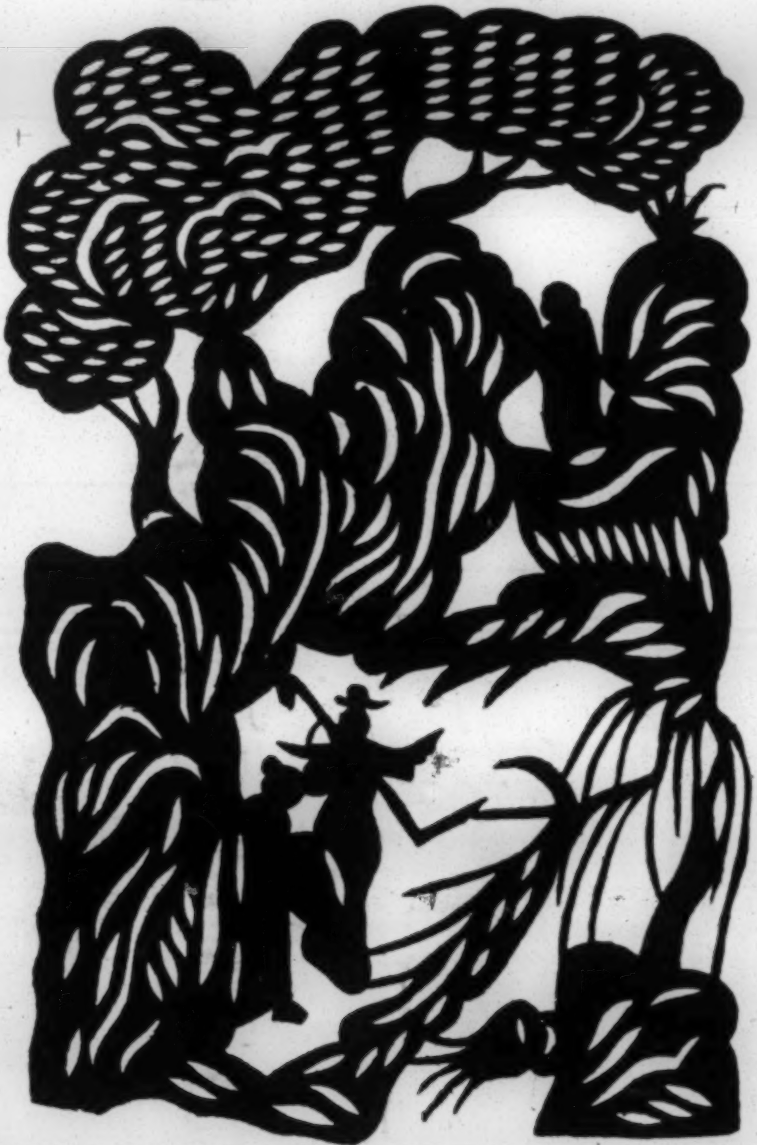
by Rewi Alley

. . . : a book written out of the author's 25 years' experience in China as factory inspector in Shanghai, organizer of wartime industrial cooperatives, and head of famed Sandan Bailie School.

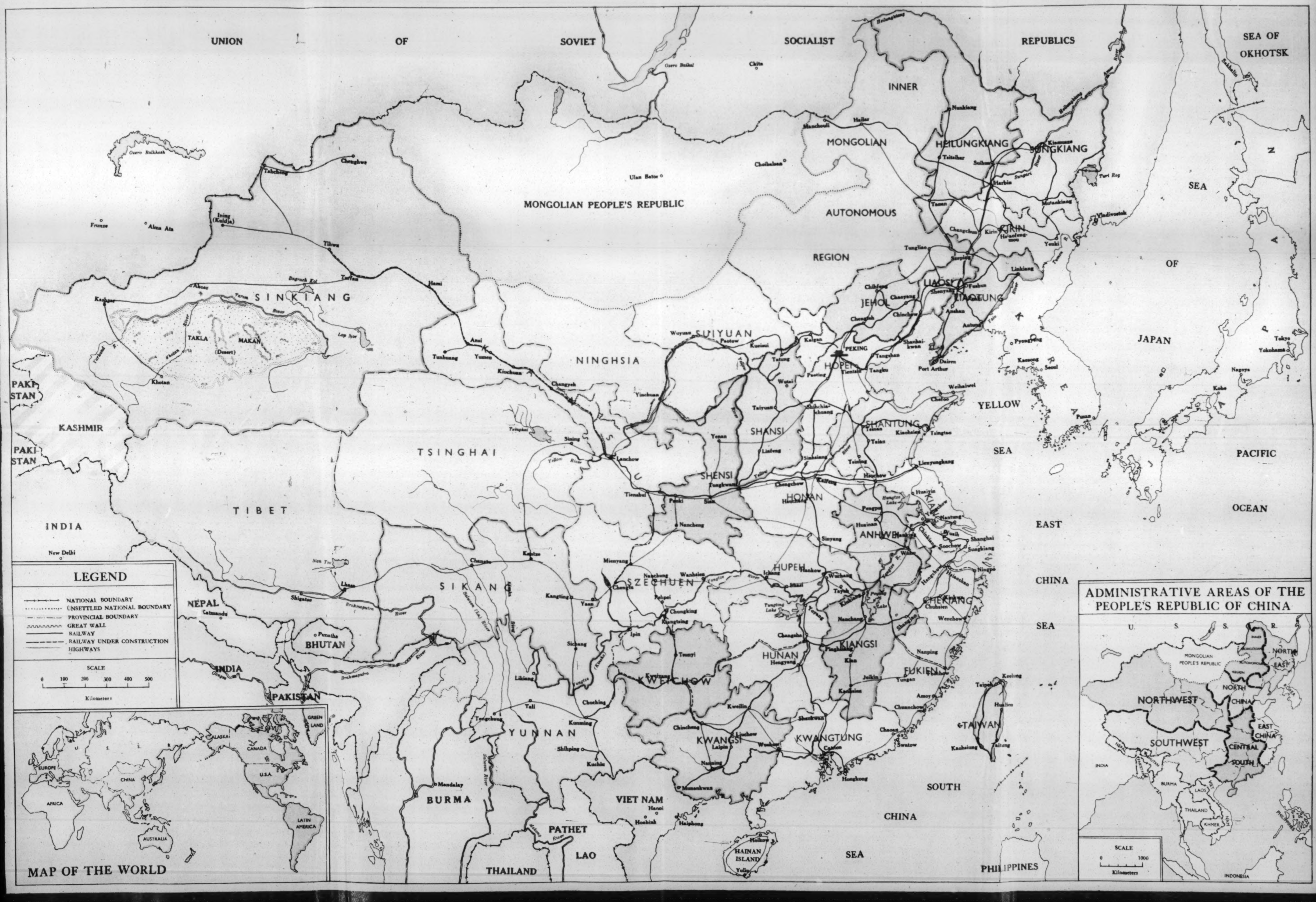
193 pp. illustrated, US$1.00

◆

Collet's Subscription Department
45 Museum Street
London, W.C.1



MAP OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA


UNION OF SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLICS
SEA OF OKHOTSK
MONGOLIAN PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC
Ulan Bator
INNER MONGOLIAN AUTONOMOUS REGION
HEILUNGKIANG
SUNGKIANG
KIRIN
LIAOSI
LIAOTUNG
JEHOL
SUIYUAN
NINGHSIA
HOPEI
PEKING
SINKIANG
TAKLA MAKAN (Desert)
TSINGHAI
KANSU
SHANSI
SHENSI
SHANTUNG
HONAN
KIANGSU
ANHWEI
HUPEH
SZECHUEN
SIKANG
TIBET
HUNAN
KIANGSI
CHEKIANG
FUKIEN
KWEICHOW
YUNNAN
KWANGSI
KWANGTUNG
TAIWAN
HAINAN ISLAND
Shanghai
Nanking
Hankow
Chungking
Canton
Hongkong
Lhasa
Lanchow
Sian
Harbin
Mukden
Dairen
Port Arthur
Tsingtao
KASHMIR
PAKISTAN
INDIA
New Delhi
NEPAL
BHUTAN
BURMA
Mandalay
THAILAND
PATHET LAO
VIET NAM
Hanoi
KOREA
Seoul
JAPAN
Tokyo
PHILIPPINES
SEA OF JAPAN
YELLOW SEA
EAST CHINA SEA
SOUTH CHINA SEA
PACIFIC OCEAN
LEGEND
NATIONAL BOUNDARY
UNSETTLED NATIONAL BOUNDARY
PROVINCIAL BOUNDARY
GREAT WALL
RAILWAY
RAILWAY UNDER CONSTRUCTION
HIGHWAYS
SCALE
0 100 200 300 400 500
Kilometers
MAP OF THE WORLD
EUROPE
AFRICA
CHINA
ALASKA
CANADA
U.S.A.
GREENLAND
LATIN AMERICA
AUSTRALIA
ADMINISTRATIVE AREAS OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA
U. S. S. R.
MONGOLIAN PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC
NORTH EAST
NORTH CHINA
NORTHWEST
SOUTHWEST
EAST CHINA
CENTRAL SOUTH
INDIA
BURMA
LAOS
THAILAND
KHMER
INDONESIA
SCALE
0 1000
Kilometers